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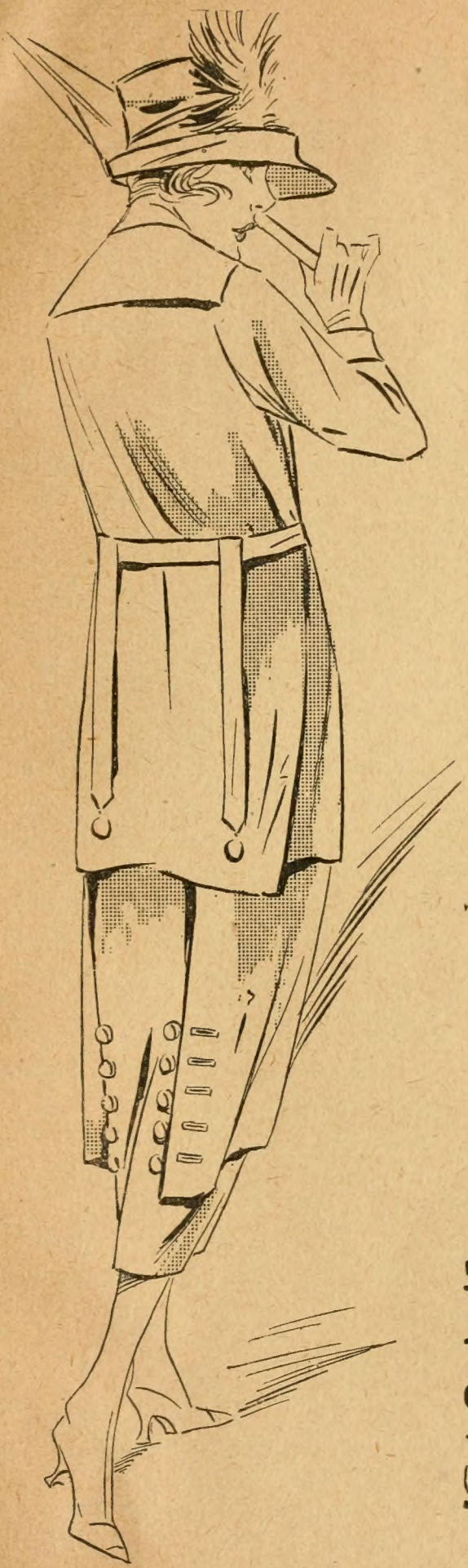

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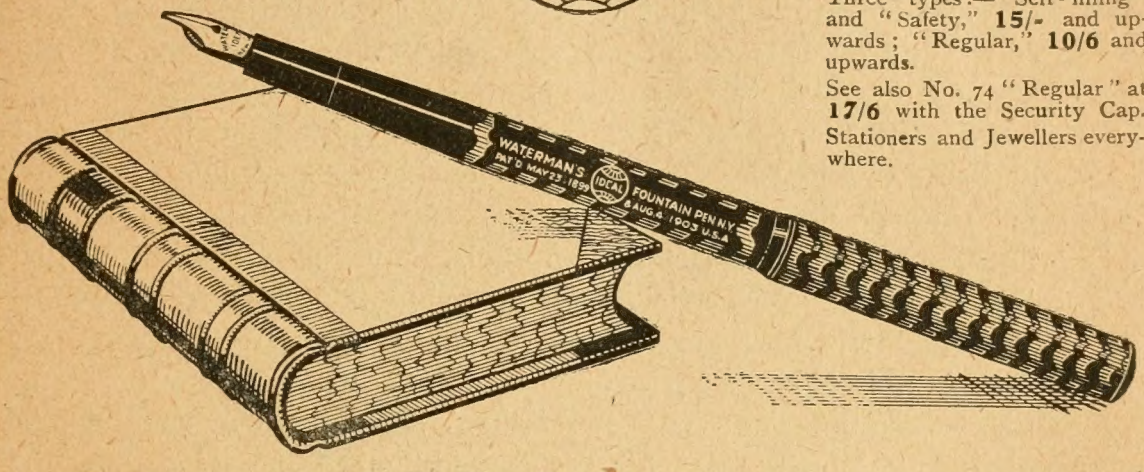

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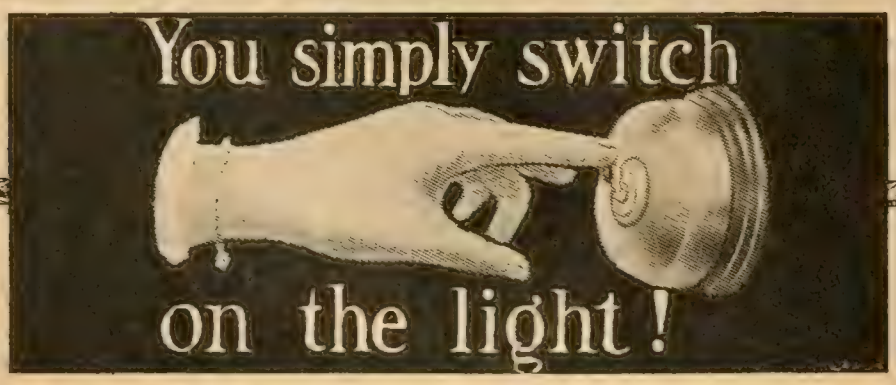

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FIG LEAVES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AFTER the first sunny days in the Garden of Eden, when the beautiful and un-English climate necessitated the donning of a fig-leaf merely as a concession to the dawning of modesty, it is safe to assume that primitive man adopted clothes as a protection against the elements.

So long as his peculiar garments kept him warm, and gave his arms free play to slay the interfering ichthyosaurus and the too inquisitive mastodon, which were ravishing his larder out of sheer exuberance of spirits, he would not seem to have spent many sleepless hours of the night in evolving a new thing in two-toed sloth skins.

His clothes were for business purposes only, and life was pretty strenuous; so, as far as he was concerned, he scorned the waste of a dinner-hour in thinking out new styles; he was out for business, with his club—business neither pure nor particularly simple.

And despite the assumed culture of this twentieth century it is a moot point whether in manners, mackintoshes or morals civilisation has advanced much since the days of the cave-dweller.

"THE ORIGINAL JAZZ"

And for an astonishingly long period from age to age, from century to century—it has crystallised into a sort of tradition—the idea persisted that the man in pursuit of his meat ration, his bread and margarine and his sugar, need only to adopt a shapeless, supposedly utilitarian and inevitably ugly form of covering for his nakedness.

* * * * *

Since the era of fig leaves and woad there have, of course, been happy lapses from that code of ugliness and utilitarianism, and at different periods man has realised that though money-making and life may at times be sordid businesses at the best, there is no occasion to dress sordidly.

When fig leaves became bad form and clothes were accepted as part of the scheme of life—things to live in and live with—the more truculent or virile spirits attempted to control their surroundings. The soldier proceeded to clothe himself in scarlet and gold, the courtier invested himself in gay silks and satins and stuck a feather in his hat; even a poor writing-man had his sartorial conscience, and a Goldsmith prided himself on the colour of his coat.

* * * * *

But the tradition persisted, in spite of brilliant rebellions: the Albertian age gave it a *cachet* which seemed likely to render it immortal.

Then war came, and, as an aftermath, revolutions of ideas and ruthless criticism of traditions.

If clothes are necessary—and the fashions of the *revue* ladies occasionally suggest a doubt—let us see that men's clothes are not needlessly and traditionally ugly.

* * * * *

The prices charged by Pope & Bradley are high, but the Government for a long time controlled wool. When the Government controls anything the ordinary business man finds it difficult to control his temper. But probably in primeval wars indifferent fig leaves were rationed at an exorbitant figure; at any rate, we know Adam's apple cost a hell of a price. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1919

The Mission

By R. Watson Kerr

'Tis dingy bright: a lady smirks and sings
In evening dress so rare and rich it brings
Down heaven to the poor—the poor that swarm
The Mission hall in filthy rags, not warm
Enough for dogs. The lady's singing done,
She bows and flutters to her seat. "What fun
It is to sing in here!" she thinks. "Poor things,
They need some music in their lives; it brings
Such happiness, you see!" O, Art for woe—
A one-time prima donna sits below,
Besmattered, bleary-eyed, in rags! . . .
Around
Comes tea—philanthropy must know no bound—
And buns!—weeks old, but O! twopence the lot!
How very cheap! Magnanimous! God wot!
Quite fit for gentle ladies' palates—God!
And monkeys in a cage get nuts: and, odd
Enough—O, very odd!—the tea and buns
Just cost the soul of any of these ones—
The female things, I mean. Two pence? Ah, yes,
That woman's body sells each night for less.
(How very cheap indeed the buns and tea!)
But hark! The Preacher speaks: "Ah, friends, I see
Around the evidence of sin and drink—
The evil things that lure you to the brink
Of hell; that urge your souls to sink bedamned.
Why, hell, my friends, is with the drunkards crammed!

Ah, look not on the wine when red and rosy;
Drink is raging, wine a mockery."
The Preacher finished, silence for a pause;
" Damn good ! " a drunk man says—then loud applause.

* * * * * * *

O Words ! O Song ! O Tea and Currant Buns !
Out flock the drab and outcast hopeless ones
To make for Home—for Home?—some fetid nest
In cracked, unwholesome beast-dens, quaintly press'd
Together, nicknamed Tenements—O Home !
A worm sleeps sweeter in its dungy loam—
(*Father's drunk and mother is a bawd,*
O Words! O Song! O Tea and Buns—O God!)

Forgotten Dead, I Salute You

By Muriel Stuart

Dawn has flashed up the startled skies,
Night has gone out beneath the hill
Many sweet times; before our eyes
June makes and unmakes divinely still
The daily magic of the rose.
The gentle history of the rain
Has been unfolded, traced and lost
By the sharp finger tip of frost;
Birds in the bracken build again;
The hare makes soft her secret house;
The great winds' tourney comes and goes,
Tilting and tossing in the boughs;
The moon has waxed fierce and waned dim,—
He knew the beauty of all those
Last year, and who remembers him?

FORGOTTEN DEAD, I SALUTE YOU

Love sometimes walks the waters still,
Laughter throws back her radiant head,
With life and strife the moments thrill,
Utterly Beauty is not gone,
And Wonder is not wholly dead.
The starry, mortal world rolls on
Between sweet sounds and silences,
With new, strange wines her beakers brim—
He lost his heritage with these
Last year, and who remembers him?

None shall remember him: he lies
In earth of some strange-sounding place,
The wind his only chant, the rain
The only tears upon his face.
He holds no place in memories
Of living men; yet such as he
Have made it possible and sure
For other lives to have, to be,—
For men to sleep content, secure.
Lip lies on lip, and eyes meet eyes
Because his heart beats not again;
His rotting, fruitless body lies
That sons may grow from other men.

He gave, as Christ, the life he had,
The only life desired or known;
For strangers this forgotten dead
Went out into the night alone.
There was his body broken for you,
There was his blood divinely shed
That huddled now with weed and stone
In some dark field lie lost and dim:
Eat, drink, and often as you do,
For whom he died, remember him.

Reverie

By Richard Aldington

It is very hot in the chalk trench
With its rusty iron pickets
And shell-smashed, crumbling traverses,
Very hot and choking and full of evil smells,
So that my head and eyes ache
And I am glad to crawl away
And lie in the little shed I call mine.
And because I want to be alone
They keep coming to me and asking:
"How many billets have we in such a trench?"
Or, "Do you know the way to such a redoubt?"

But these things pass over, beyond and away from me,
The voices of the men fade into silence,
For I am burned with a sweet madness,
Soothed also by the fire that burns me,
Exalted and made happy in misery
By love, by an unfaltering love.
If I could only tell you of this love—
But I can tell only lovers,
Only irresponsible, imprudent lovers,
Who give and have given and will give
All for love's sake,
All just to kiss her hand, her frail hand.

I will not tell you how long it is
Since I kissed and touched her hand
And was happy looking at her;
Yet every day and every night
She seems to be with me, beside me,
And there is great love between us
Although we are so far apart.

And though the hot sun burns in the white trench
And the shells go shrilling overhead,
And I am harassed by stupid questions,

REVERIE

I do not forget her;
I do not forget to build dreams of her
That are only less beautiful than she is.

For there are some who love God,
And some their country and some gain,
Some are happy to exact obedience,
And some to obey for the sake of a cause—
But I am indifferent to all these things,
Since it was for her sake only I was born,
So that I should love her. . . .

Perhaps I shall be killed and never see her again,
Perhaps it will be but a wreck of me that returns to her,
Perhaps I shall kiss her hand once more,
But I am quite happy about Fate,
For this is love's beauty,
That it does not die with lovers,
But lives on, like a flower born from a god's blood,
Long after the lovers are dead.

Reason has pleaded in my brain
And Despair has whispered in my heart
That we die and vanish utterly;
I have seen dead men lying on the earth
Or carried slowly in stretchers,
And the chilled blood leaped in my heart,
Saying: "This is the end; there is no escape."

But for love's sake I brush all this away,
For, since I do not know why love is
Nor whence it comes, nor for what end,
It may very well be that I am wrong about death,
And that among the dead also there are lovers.

Would that we were dead, we two,
Dead centuries upon centuries,
Forgotten; even our race and tongue forgotten;
Would that we had been dead so long
That no memory of this fret of life
Could ever trouble us.

We would be together, always together,
Always in a land of many flowers
And bright sunlight and cool shade;
We should not even need to kiss
Or join our hands;
It would be enough to be together.

She would stoop and gather a flower,
A pale, sweet-scented, fragile flower
(A flower whose name I will not tell,
The symbol of all love to us),
And I would watch her smile
And see the fair flowers of her breast
As the soft-coloured garment opened from her throat.

I would not speak, I would not speak one word,
Though many ages of the world's time passed—
She would be bending by the flower's face,
And I would stand beside and look and love.

Not far away as I now write
The guns are beating madly upon the still air
With sudden, rapid blows of sound,
And men die with the quiet sun above them,
And horror and pain and noise upon earth.

To-morrow, maybe, I shall be one of them,
One in a vast field of dead men,
Unburied or buried hastily, callously.
But for ever and for ever,
In the fair land I have built up
From the dreams of my love,
We two are together, she bending by the pale flower
And I beside her:
We two together in a land of quiet,
Inviolable behind the walls of death.

May, 1917.

Palinode

By Captain H. T. W. Bousfield

The path we trod was fair to see;
The green grass round the almond tree
Scattered with petals red and white;

And your red lips for my delight
Would sing me songs of pleasant things—
The beating of a blackbird's wings,

A peacock flaming in the sun—
Before our love had well begun,
Or I had kissed your singing throat,

And magicked half a golden note
To golden laughter. Half a day
We laughed and whispered time away.

A lover's kiss is passing sweet,
And your white body to your feet
You gave, nor grieved in giving it.

But it were less than mortal wit
To hope for roses in the snow;
And petals of a year ago
(Since lips of yesteryear grow pale)
Are gathered up by every gale.

Or did they snatch you from the wind.
The lovers that I left behind?

Baudelaire and His Letters

By Arthur Symons

I.

In their later work all great poets use foreshortening. They get greater subtlety by what they omit and suggest to the imagination. Browning, in his later period, suggests to the intellect, and to that only. Hence his difficulty, which is not a poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of method like Shakespeare's, who gives us no long speeches of undiluted undramatic poetry, but poetry everywhere like life-blood.

Browning's whole life was divided equally between two things: love and art. He subtracted nothing from the one by which to increase the other; between them they occupied his whole nature; in each he was equally supreme. *Men and Women* and the love-letters are the double swing of the same pendulum; at the centre sits the soul, impelled and impelling. Outside these two forms of his greatness Browning had none, and one he concealed from the world. It satisfied him to exist as he did, knowing what he was, and showing no more of himself to those about him than the outside of a courteous gentleman. Nothing in him blazed through, in the uncontrollable manner of those who are most easily recognised as great men. His secret was his own, and still, to many, remains so.

I have said above, of Browning: "His secret was his own, and still, to many, remains so." Exactly the same thing must be said of Baudelaire. He lived, and died, secret; and the man remains baffling, and will probably never be discovered. But, in most of his printed letters, he shows only what he cares to reveal of himself at a given moment. In the letters, printed in book form, that I have before me, there is much more of the nature of confessions. Several of his letters to his mother are heart-breaking; as in his agonised effort to be intelligible to her; his horror of her *curé*; his shame in pawning her Indian

shawl; his obscure certainty that the work he is doing is of value, and that he ought not to feel shame. Then comes his suggestion that society should adjust these difficult balances. Again, in his ghastly confession that he has only sent Jeanne seven francs in three months; that he is as tired of her as of his own life: there is shown a tragic gift for self-observation and humble truthfulness. It would have taken a very profound experience of life to have been a good mother to Baudelaire: or she should have had a wiser *curé*. Think of the *curé* burning the only copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal* that Baudelaire had left in "papier d'Hollande," and the mother acquiescing.

I give two quotations, which certainly explain themselves if they do not explain Baudelaire.

"I must leave home and not return there, except in a more natural state of mind. I have just been re-writing an article. The affair kept me so long that when I went out I had not even the courage to return, and so the day was lost. Last week I had to go out and sleep for two days and nights in a hideous little hotel because I was spied on. I went out without any money for the simple reason that I had none.

"Imagine my perpetual laziness, which I hate profoundly, and the impossibility of going out on account of my perpetual want of money. After I had been seeking money for three days, on Monday night, exhausted with fatigue, with weariness and with hunger, I went into the first hotel I came on, and since then I have had to remain there, and for certain reasons. I am nearly devoured, eaten by this enforced idleness."

In a letter written in Brussels, March 9, 1868, he says: "I have announced the publication of three fragments: *Chateaubriand et la Dandysme littéraire*, *La Peinture didactique*, and *Les Fleurs du Mal jugées par l'auteur lui-même*. I shall add to these a refutation of an article of Janin, one on *Henri Heine et la jeunesse des poètes*, and the refutation of *La Préface de la vie de Jules César par Napoléon III*." Besides these, on the cover of his *Salon de 1848* are announced: "*De la poésie moderne; David, Guerin et Gerodet; Les Limbes, poésies; Catéchisme de la femme aimée.*" On the paper cover of my copy of his *Théophile Gautier* (1861), under the title of "*Sous Presse*,"

are announced: *Opium et Haschisch, ou l'Idéal Artificiel* (which was printed in 1860 as *Les Paradis Artificiels: Opium et Haschisch*), *Curiosités Esthètiques* (which were printed in 1868); *Notices littéraires;* and *Machiavel et Condorcet, dialogue philosophique.* Of these, *Les Limbes* appeared as *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857); *Les Notices littéraires* at the end of *L'Art Romantique* (1868); none of the others were printed, nor do I suppose he had even the time to begin them.

He might have written on Machiavelli a prose dialogue as original, from the French point of view, as one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, such as those between Plato and Diogenes, the two Ciceros, Leonora d'Este with Father Panigarole. Both had that satirical touch which can embody the spirit of an age or of two men in conversation. Both had a creative power and insight equal to that of the very greatest masters; both had the power of using prose with a perfection which no stress of emotion is allowed to discompose. Only it seems to me that Baudelaire might have made the sinister genius, the calculating, cold observation of Machiavelli, who wrote so splendidly on Cesare Borgia, give vent to a tremendous satire on priests and Kings and Popes after the manner of Rabelais or of Aristophanes; certainly not in the base and ignoble manner of Aretino.

It is lamentable to think how many things Baudelaire never did or never finished. One reason might have been his laziness, his sense of luxury, and, above all, his dissatisfaction with certain things he had hoped to do, and which likely enough a combination of poverty and of nerves prevented him from achieving. And as he looks back on the general folly incident to all mankind—his *bête noire*—on his lost opportunities, on his failures, a sack of cobwebs, a pack of gossamers, wave in the air before his vision; and he wonders why he himself has not carved his life as those fanciful things have their own peculiar way of doing.

Baudelaire was inspired to begin *Mon Cœur mis à nu* in 1863 by this paragraph he had read in Poe's *Marginalia*, printed in New York in 1856: "If an ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionise, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown

lies straight open and unencumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—*My Heart Laid Bare.*"

With all his genius, Poe was never able to write a book of Confessions, nor was Baudelaire ever able to finish his. Poe, who also died tragically young, throws out a sinister hint in these last words: "No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen."

Baudelaire's Confessions are meant to express his most inmost convictions, his most sacred memories, his hates and rages, the manner in which his sensations and emotions have fashioned themselves in his waking self; to express that he is a stranger to the world and to the world's cults; to express, also, as he says, that *ce livre tout rêvé sera un livre de rancunes.* It cannot in any sense be compared with the Confessions of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, of Cellini, of Casanova. Still, Baudelaire had none of Rousseau's cowardice, none of Cellini's violent exultations over himself and the things he created: none of Casanova's looking back over his past life and his adventures: those of a man who did not live to write, but wrote because he had lived and when he could live no longer.

In Baudelaire's notes there is something that reminds me of Browning's lines:—

> "Men's thoughts and loves and hates!
> Earth is my vineyard, these grew there;
> From grapes of the ground, I made or marred
> My vintage."

For so much in these studies in sensations are the product of a man who has both made and marred his prose and poetical vintage. He analyses some of his hideous pains; and I cannot but believe—I quote these words from a letter I have received from a man of sensitive nerves—that he may have felt: "It *is* so beautiful to emerge after the bad days that one is almost glad to have been through them, and I can quite truthfully say I am glad to have pain—it makes one a connoisseur in sensations, and we only call it pain because it is something that we don't understand."

Without having suffered intensely no poet can be a real poet; and without passion no poet is supreme. And these

lines of Shelley are not only meant for himself but for most of us who are artists :—

> "One who was as a nerve over which do creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of this earth."

There is also something Browning says of Shelley which might be applied to Baudelaire's later years : "The body, enduring tortures, refusing to give repose to the bewildered soul, and the laudanum bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two." He was also subject to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination.

II.

How very commonly we hear it remarked that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words. I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it : for thought is logicalised by the effort at written composition. There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts, and to which, as yet, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. Yet, so entire is my faith in the power of words, that at times I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescences of fancies such as I have described. Could one actually do so, which would be to have done an original thing, such words might have compelled the heaven into the earth.

Some of these qualities Baudelaire finds in Gautier; to my mind there are many more of these strange and occult qualities to be found in Baudelaire. I have said somewhere that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as a "natural" style; and it is merely ignorance of the mental process of writing which sometimes leads one to say that the style of Swift is more natural than that of Ruskin. Pater said to me at Oxford that his own *Imaginary Portraits* seemed to him the best written of his books, which

he qualified by adding: "It seems to be the most *natural*." I think then he was beginning to forget that it was not natural to him to be natural.

Gautier had a way of using the world's dictionary, whose leaves, blown by an unknown wind, always opened so as to let the exact word leap out of the pages, adding the appropriate shades. Both writers had an innate sense of "correspondences," and of a universal symbolism, where the "sacredness" of every word defends one from using it in a profane sense. To realise the central secret of the mystics, from Protagoras onwards, the secret which the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes betrays in its "As things are below, so are they above"; which Boehme has classed in his teaching of "signatures"; and which Swedenborg has systematised in his doctrine of "correspondences," one arrives at Gérard de Nerval, whose cosmical visions are at times so magnificent that he seems to be creating myths, as, after his descent into hell, he plays the part he imagines assigned to him in his astral influences.

Among these comes Hoffman. In his *Kreislerione*, that Baudelaire read in the French translation I have before me, printed in 1834, he says: "The musician whose sense of music is conscious swims everywhere across floods of harmony and melody. This is no vain image, nor an allegory devoid of sense, such as composers use when they speak of colours, of perfumes, of the rays of the sun that appear like concords." "Colour speaks," says Baudelaire, "in a voice evocatory of sorcery; animals and plants grimace; perfumes provoke correspondent thoughts and memories. And when I think of Gautier's rapidity in solving all the problems of style and of composition, I cannot help remembering a severe maxim that he let fall before me in one of his conversations: 'Every writer who fails to seize any idea, however subtle and unexpected he supposes it to be, is not a writer. *L'Inexprimable n'existe pas.*'"

It is either Delacroix or Baudelaire who wrote: "The writer who is incapable of saying everything, who takes unawares and without having enough material to give body to an idea, however subtle or strange or unexpected he may suppose it to be, is not a writer." And one has to beware of the sin of allegory, which spoils even Bunyan's prose. For the deepest emotion raised in us by allegory

is a very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome.

Then there is the heresy of instruction—*l'hérésie de l'enseignement*—which Poe and Baudelaire and Swinburne consider ruinous to art. Art for art's sake first of all; that a poem must be written for the poem's sake simply, from whatever instinct we have derived it; it matters nothing whether this be inspired by a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, or by some of that loveliness whose very elements appertain solely to eternity. Above all, Verlaine's *Pas de couleur, rien que la nuance!*

The old war—not (as some would foolishly have it defined) a war between facts and fancies, reason and romance, poetry and good sense, but simply between imagination which apprehends the spirit of a thing and the understanding which dissects the body of a fact—the strife which can never be decided—was for Blake the most important question possible. Poetry or art based on loyalty to science is exactly as absurd (and no more) as science guided by art or poetry. Though indeed Blake wrought his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* into a form of absolute magnificence, a prose fantasy full of splendid masculine thought and of a diabolical or infernal humour, in which hells and heavens change names and alternate through mutual annihilations, which emit an illuminating, devouring, and unquenchable flame, he never actually attained the incomparable power of condensing vapour into tangible and malleable form, of helping us to handle air and measure mist, which is so instantly perceptible in Balzac's genius, he who was not "a prose Shakespeare" merely, but rather perhaps a Shakespeare in all but the lyrical faculty.

Even when Baudelaire expresses his horror of life, of how abject the world has become, how he himself is supposed to be "une anomalie," his sense of his own superiority never leaves him. "Accursed," as I have said, such abnormally gifted artists are, he declares his thirst of glory, a diabolical thirst of fame and of all kinds of enjoyments—in spite of his "awful temperament, all ruse and violence"—and can say: "I desire to live and to have self-content. Something terrible says to me *never*, and some other thing says to me *try*. *Moi-même, le boulevard m'effraye.*"

Baudelaire's tragic sense of his isolation, of his intense misery, of his series of failures, of his unendurable existence—it was and was not life—in Brussels finds expression in this sentence, dated September, 1865: "Les gens qui ne sont pas exilés ne savent pas ce que sont les nerfs de ceux qui sont cloués à l'étranger, sans communications et sans nouvelles." What he says is the inevitable that has no explanation: simply the inevitable that no man can escape. To be exiled from Paris proves to be, practically, his death-stroke. And, in the last letter he ever wrote, March 5, 1866, there is a sense of irony, of vexation, of wounded pride, and in the last "sting in the tail of the honey" he hisses: "There is enough talent in these young writers; but what absurdities, what exaggerations, and what youthful infatuations! Curiously, only a few years ago I perceived these imitators whose tendencies alarmed me. I know nothing of a more compromising nature than these: as for me, I love nothing more than being alone. But this is not possible for me, *et il paraît que l'école Baudelaire existe.*"

And, to all appearances, it did; and what really annoyed Baudelaire was the publication of Verlaine's *Poèmes Saturniens* and their praise by Leconte de l'Isle, Banville, and Hugo; Hugo, whom he had come to hate. It is with irony that he says of Hugo: "Je n'accepterais ni son génie, ni sa fortune, s'il me fallait au même temps posséder ses énormes ridicules."

III.

Here are certain chosen confessions of Baudelaire. "For my misery I am not made like other men. I am in a state of spiritual revolt; I feel as if a wheel turns in my head. To write a letter costs me more time than in writing a volume. My desire of travelling returns on me furiously. When I listen to the tingling in my ears that causes me such trouble, I can't help admiring with what diabolical care imaginative men amuse themselves in multiplying their embarrassments. One of my chief preoccupations is to get the Manager of the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin to take back an actress execrated by his own wife—despite another actress who is employed in the theatre." It is amusing to note that the same desire takes hold of Gautier,

who writes to Arsène Houssaye, the Director of the Comédie-Française, imploring him to take back a certain Louise if there is a place vacant for her.

"I can't sleep much now," writes Baudelaire, "as I am always thinking. *Quand je dis que je dormirai demain matin, vous devinerez de quel sommeil je veux parler.*" This certainly makes me wonder what sort of sodden sleep he means. Probably the kind of sleep he refers to in his Epilogue to the *Poèmes en Prose*, addressed to Paris :—

> "Whether thou sleep, with heavy vapours full,
> Sodden with day, or, new apparelled, stand
> In gold-laced veils of evening beautiful,
>
> I love thee, infamous city! Harlots and
> Hunted have pleasures of their own to give,
> The vulgar herd can never understand."

The question comes here: How much does Baudelaire give of himself in his letters? Some of his inner, some of his outer life; but, for the most part, "in tragic hints." Yet in the whole of his letters he never gives one what Meredith does in *Modern Love*, which, published in 1862, remains his masterpiece, and it will always remain, beside certain things of Donne and of Browning, an astonishing feat in the vivisection of the heart in verse. It is packed with imagination, but with imagination of so nakedly human a kind that there is hardly an ornament, hardly an image, in the verse: it is like scraps of broken—of heart-broken—talk, overheard and jotted down at random. These cruel and self-torturing lovers have no illusions, and their tragic hints are like a fine, pained mockery of love itself as they struggle open-eyed against the blindness of passion. The poem laughs while it cries, with a double-mindedness more constant than that of Heine; with, at times, an acuteness of sensation carried to the point of agony at which Othello sweats words like these :—

> "O thou Weed
> Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet
> That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born."

Another question arises: How can a man who wrote his letters in a *café*, anywhere, do more than jot down whatever came into his head? Has he ever given an account of one day in his life—eventful or uneventful? You might as well try to count the seconds of your watch as try to write for yourself your sensations during one day. What seems

terrible is the rapidity of our thoughts : yet, fortunately, one is not always thinking. "Books think for me; I don't think," says Lamb in one of his paradoxes. There is not much thought in his prose : imagination, humour, salt and sting, tragical emotions, and, on the whole, not quite normal. How can any man of genius be entirely normal?

The most wonderful letters ever written are Lamb's. Yet, as in Balzac's, in Baudelaire's, in Browning's, so few of Lamb's letters, those works of nature, and almost more wonderful than works of art, are to be taken on oath. Those elaborate lies, which ramify through them into patterns of sober-seeming truth, are in anticipation, and were of the nature of a preliminary practice for the innocent and avowed fiction of the essays. What began in mischief ends in art.

The life of Baudelaire, like the lives of Balzac and of Villiers and of Verlaine, was one long labour, in which time, money and circumstances were all against him. "Sometimes," Balzac cries, "it seems to me that my brain is on fire. I shall die in the trenches of the intellect." It is his genius, his imagination, that are on fire, not so much as his sleepless brain. This certainly Baudelaire never felt. Yet, in one sentence written in 1861, I find an agony not unlike Balzac's, but more material, more morbid. "La plupart des temps je me dis ! si je vis, je vivrai toujours de même, en damné, et quand la mort naturelle viendra, je serai vieux, usé, passé de mode, criblé de dettes; ajoute à cela que je trouve souvent qu'on ne me rend pas justice, et que je vois que tout réussit à souhait pour les sots." This, with his perpetual nervous terrors, his hallucinations, his drugs, his miseries, his women, his wine, his good and bad nights, his sense of poisonous people, his disorders, his excitability, his imagination that rarely leaves him, his inspiration that often varies, his phrase, after a certain despair : "Je me suis précipité dans le travail : alors j'ai reconnu que je n'avais perdu aucune faculté"; his discouragements, his sudden rages, not only against fame, but when he just refrains from hitting a man's face with his stick; after all this, and after much more than this, I have to take his word when he says—not thinking of these impediments in his way—"What poets ought to do is to know how to escape from themselves."

In 1861 he writes: "As my literary situation is more than good, I can do all I want, I can get all my books

printed; yet, as I have the misfortune in possessing a kind of unpopular spirit, I shall not make much money, but I shall leave a great fame behind me—provided I have the courage to live." "Provided!" That word sounds a note of nervous distress. He continues: "I have made a certain amount of money; if I had not had so many debts, *and if I had had more fortune, I might have been rich.*" The last five words he writes in small capitals. And this lamentable refrain is part of his obsession; wondering, as we all do, why we have never been rich. Then comes this curious statement: "What exasperates me is when I think of what I have received this year; it is enormous; certainly I have lived on this money like a ferocious beast; and yet how often I spend much less than that in sheer waste!"

Le Mendicant Ingrat of Léon Bloy is the journal of Lazarus at the gate, lifting up his voice against the rich man who has thrown him the crumbs from his table. It is his mission to be a scavenger, and to spare the cesspool of a friend who might be useful, or the dunghill of an employer who has been useful, materially, would be an act almost criminal. With this conviction in his soul, with a flaming and devouring temperament, which must prey on something if it is not to prey mortally on itself, it is not unnatural that he has never been able to "write for money." The artist may indeed write for money, with only comparative harm to himself or to his art. He permits himself to do something which he accounts of secondary importance. But the prophet, who is a voice, must always say his message; to change a syllable of his message is to sin the unpardonable sin. With him whatever is not absolute truth, truth to conviction, is a wilful lie.

Bloy's other book, *Exégèse des Lieux Communes*, is a crucifixion of the bourgeois on a cross of the bourgeois making. To how many artists, not only to this Thankless Beggar, has gratitude seemed not one of the main virtues? To conceive of oneself without money—that is to say, without the means of going on living—is at once to conceive of the right, the mere human right, to assistance. If, in addition to that mere human right, one is convinced that one is a man of genius, the right becomes more plainly evident, and if, in addition, one has a divine "message" for the world, what farther need be said?

Alone

By J. G. Sime

HETTY GRAYSON waked up in the very early morning—and she learned what it means to open your eyes to loss and sorrow and an aching void. She lay looking out into her little room through a mist of misery.

The first greyness of dawn was coming through the window. The room was just faintly lighted—and as the rays of light got stronger and reached farther, one familiar object after another started, as it were, into consciousness. The dressing-table with its chintz-covered chair before it—the chintz he had chosen; the bookcase with the books in it that he had given her; the pictures that he had hung up with his own hands for her . . . the trinkets on the pincushion that he had brought home one by one when he had been away from her—all his choice. It was his room really, not hers. It spoke of him in every inch of it. It was their room. And he lay dead downstairs . . . and she not even with him. . . .

She lay there, and before her tired eyes her past life flitted by in restless pictures. Her home in England—how long ago, that! And then her father's death and her mother's death, and her coming out to Canada. She had come against all the ideas and wise counsels of her friends; but she was tired of them and their way of life. She wanted a change—more room. She had come to Canada and she had got it—her change.

She thought of her first days in Canada. She remembered the wonder, the infinite surprise of that first new country she had seen—the sunshine and the unexpected heat, the intensity of the burning summer days, the queer, unfinished look that gave a sort of zest to life because it made you feel how much there still was left to do, and the soft, slurred Canadian accent all about her. She had roamed to and fro, here, there, and everywhere, with a girl

friend she had picked up on the boat, and they had explored and made discoveries and wondered and laughed to their hearts' content. Odd, cheap, delicious meals they had had—delicious only because they were odd and different from staid old England. And she saw a picture of the Chinese restaurants and the impassively smiling, slanting-eyed waiters . . . and all sorts of other lovely unexpectednesses; and she remembered how they had laughed in the warm Canadian summer sunshine. She thought of it all and she wondered if that girl was really she. Had she laughed like that light-heartedly at nothing just these few years ago? Was it possible? . . .

And then the girl acquaintance had gone on farther—out West, to seek her fortune. And Hetty, left by herself, had turned her thoughts to work and money to live on. And almost at once she had come—here.

She thought of the evening when she had come after the place. She remembered how she had stopped all alone in the street to laugh as she wondered what the aunts at home would think if they could see her tramping along to apply for a cook-housekeeper's place. She had laughed and laughed till a man had said to her: "Come and laugh with me, dear. . . ." And then she had stopped laughing and gone her way. And other would-be cooks and housekeepers had answered the advertisement, and while she sat waiting with them in the hall downstairs—she had wondered. And then she had come in to interview the advertiser . . . so she had met him.

She remembered his face as he sat there in his study, his eyes, and the queer sense they gave her of familiarity. Could they have met? How? Impossible! And yet she felt as if ages and ages ago . . . somewhere . . . only half-forgotten. How could it be? Impossible.

He had engaged her as his housekeeper. That was the beginning of it all. He had engaged her there and then. She had her English training in Domestic Science well behind her; the theory of how to keep a house, at any rate, she knew. He had asked her questions—how she came, and when? What relations she had left behind? And she had told him quite simply that she had come out to get a change—because she was tired of the life back there . . . and that she had no one. Only friends who disapproved . . . no

one, really, at all. And then their eyes had met . . . he had engaged her. . . .

She opened her eyes and she looked at the room. It was almost light now. The world was getting ready for the sun to rise. In a little while the room would be flooded with light. Another day. How could she bear it? . . .

She sat up and glanced at the clock on the table by her bed—that little clock! One of the very last of all her treasures. And it said just after three. Then she'd been asleep—not three hours. *That* was why she ached . . . and her eyes ached . . . and perhaps why her soul ached in her like that.

He lay dead downstairs. And she couldn't go and lie beside him because there were other people in the house now, and his sister was sleeping just below. She had to keep it a secret . . . even now. He was dead. She was alone. She had nothing and nobody . . . and there was nothing anywhere, ever any more. And the sun was rising on a new day.

She lay back on her pillows quite still; and in a moment those incessant pictures began again.

How she had worked at the housekeeping—to please him! When she had found the Science she had paid to learn quite insufficient for his needs, how she had worked to add to it and bolster it up and turn it into comfort for him. How he had laughed at some of her first meals . . . and then, how kindly he had told her he would take meals at the club till she had time to learn. And then, what a *furor* of cook books—and trying! And that first *good* meal of his at home, that he had liked . . and praised her for!

She thought how she had loved her work, and how easily it had come to her; perhaps just because she loved it! To arrange his house! To choose the meals he liked! And then to serve them—almost as he might get them at his club! She had loved it . . . and how she had treasured any scrap he had told her of pretty elaborate meals he had had somewhere else so that she could give him just as elaborate at home. Such fun, all of it—such happiness! And behind, all the time, always that sense of having met . . . somewhere—that sense of deeply knowing him.

He had allowed her a perfect liberty from the first. She had elected to have no one else to live there, but just a

Chinaman to come daily: John Ling, who had done the heavy work—the actual cleaning; and the personal things, the actual ministering to his wants, she had done herself. The folding his clothes, the putting them away, the little mendings and darnings that she used to do for him . . . she remembered how sometimes she was puzzled at her joy in doing them. There was something new in all of it; and yet, behind, somewhere, it all felt infinitely old.

As she lay there it seemed to her as if she *felt* his things again between her hands. And the faint, human scent of them . . . great tears for the first time rolled down her cheeks. . . .

The room was brilliant now with sunshine. It poured in everywhere. Every chink and cranny seemed full of sunlight. It was unbearable. . . .

Then came that evening when the old past, dimly remembered intimacy and the quite new, unexpected, undreamed-of love met and seemed to blend into one. And after that night the sense of having known him somewhere faded away in the wonderful miraculous present. There was no room for any more than that.

She had gone into his study with some message, no thought in her mind but happiness in being near him, sheer delight in being useful to him—and she had stood there waiting while he wrote out some instruction for her. And as he wrote she stood looking—and looking, not thinking about him, not appraising him—just watching him—drinking him in . . . and her whole personality had seemed to take flight away from her so that it could come home . . . in him.

When he had handed her his written memorandum . . . their hands had met. And then she had come home. . . .

Never at any time had the thought of any wrongness troubled her. She was his, and it was right that she should be. It not only never troubled her, she had never so much as thought of it. She was his, and it was a miracle that she was his, and at the same time it was a matter of course. It had to be. In some mysterious way it always had been so. She was absolutely happy.

The first months and the first year or two went by like that. She was happy. She had never thought about herself—not consciously; if she thought at all, it was to make

herself more acceptable to him. She had planned little new ways of arranging her hair, and she had suddenly got clever at sewing, making dainty things that surprised herself . . . and sometimes as she put the dainty things on, she would look at herself in the mirror with a new kind of curiosity. It was not herself she saw there, it was how he would see her if he could be looking through her eyes. And once she had the dainty things on she would look into his eyes to see what he thought of them—look eagerly—and see that he loved her.

Life had gone on like that for a long, long time. The days raced past. She kept the house and looked after Ling the Chinaman and taught him English, read with him sometimes; and she grew to be a skilful cook: almost an artist. And when he had some men friends in, then she would show her artistry . . . and Ling would come and wait. And after they were gone he would smile at her and tell her she ought to be the *chef* at the club. And she would say to him: "But did you *really* like it? *Really?* Did you?"

She was absolutely happy so. She asked no more of life. She lived in him. It was complete.

She lay there. And the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. And now and again a great unexpected sob shook her from head to foot. And then she impatiently felt for her handkerchief . . . tried to stop. And she heard a voice she didn't know saying sometimes: "Oh, I can't bear it. . . . I can't bear it. . . ."

These were good years—unclouded. She knew no jealousy because he was so evidently fond of her. And she knew no loneliness because she had so wrapped herself in him. She lived cloistered and yet busy. Going her little daily round of shopping for his needs . . . chatting with the people in the shops . . . getting the house pretty for him . . . arranging . . . waiting for his return . . . lost in love for him. She had only one idea: how she could minister to his comfort; what more she could do to show her love.

She put up her hands to push her hair away and she felt the great coils of hair tight round her head. And then she remembered. Last night . . . after . . . she had come up and thrown herself down just as she was, and from sheer

exhaustion had slept an hour or two. Yesterday . . . last night! He had said: "Hetty——"

When she took out the hairpins one by one and threw them from her, then her thick dark hair came tumbling all about her and fell over her face . . . that hair he used to kiss! . . . And she threw herself back on her pillows and lay there quite still, and it seemed to her as if her heart was breaking . . . as if she could feel it breaking there, inside of her. . . .

Then after a bit she turned over on her face, and with her hands over her ears she shut the world out . . . and the pictures came again. They shifted rapidly, unbearably, before her shut eyes. And now and again she moved as if the bed was red-hot under her.

For now she saw pictures of the time that came . . . after. That time she was sorry for now . . . so sorry . . . so sorry. . . . How could she have been unreasonable! How could she have treated him . . . been so unlike herself! Her low sobbing came quick and she was breathless . . . she lay there struggling. And then, after a bit, she lay quiet again, just looking—looking at what went passing before her eyes .

It was the baby did it. Her baby! The baby she couldn't have. Of course she couldn't have it, she saw that. It couldn't be. It was a choice between it and him . . . it couldn't be, of course. How could it? But she hadn't thought she should mind . . . so much. . . .

She saw the journey away . . . and it was done. And then she saw herself come home again. Home! Well, it had to be, of course. She wasn't questioning that. But it changed everything.

She loved him more—if that was possible. More, and differently. But the laughing time was over. The days seemed long when he was out, and lonely . . . and while she sat sewing she would think . . . and think, and wonder why such things should be . . . and why a mother can't have her child . . . just because people will talk about it. And she had learned what it means to have small hands at your heart . . . small hands tugging. She had learned the longing of the woman to give her breast to her child. She had had days and days to learn it in.

After such days as that when he came back sometimes she

would greet him coldly . . . hardly speak . . . keep away. And weeks and weeks like that. It wasn't that she didn't love him . . . but she couldn't bear to have him touch her, somehow. She was sore. And then, after those lost days, passionate repentance . . . reunion . . . and the longing to tell him what she could never make clear.

How good he had been always! She remembered. How patient! How he had welcomed her back when the bad fits were over; how he had kissed her and kissed her, and said: "Never mind, Hetty . . . never mind, dear." And how she used to answer between her sobs: "Oh, but I *do* mind. I do mind. . . ."

The baby! That was the crux of it all. If she hadn't ever . . . had to lose it . . . there needn't ever have been any trouble. But that changed everything. The little dinners . . . those were a torment now. She was jealous of them; jealous of the men that came; jealous of his sister who sometimes came there . . . miserably jealous of everything that happened when she couldn't be by his side. And how could she be? How *could* she! She hated herself, she despised herself as she lay there . . . and she knew that if it had all to be gone over again she would be the very same. Yes, the very same. For she wanted to be his *openly*. The secrecy, which had made her laugh at first, the delicious secret between the two of them that she had loved to play with like a toy . . she was sick of it. Her heart turned from it. She loathed it. Sometimes she wanted to climb out on the leads at the top of the house and cry out, as loud as she could, to the whole world: "I'm his. Do you hear? . . . I'm his!" And she couldn't breathe it to a living soul.

She got restless. Long, lonely days . . . and sometimes evenings still more unhappy. Those evenings when she had said things . . . Oh, if she could unsay them! If she could have those evenings back again! Just one of them. What was wanting? She had him. She had him there close beside her . . . loving . . . full of love for her . . . patient like that just because he was so full of love. . . .

He lay dead downstairs.

She sat up, bolt upright, stiff from head to foot, and she pushed her hair out of her eyes and strained it back from her

brow, and she sat there thinking with her head between her hands.

He was dead and her baby had never been born. She was alone. . . .

The pictures stopped while she sat there thinking. He lay dead downstairs. He was dead. He could never speak to her any more . . . she could never hear him say again: "Hetty, Hetty, if you could only be half happy——"

He was dead.

She took her hands away from her eyes and she sat there. A ray of sunlight landed on a picture of a child he had given her . . . after: a boy with rings of fine silky hair, and downcast eyes, and a pouting mouth. She had loved it. And now she pushed the very sight of it away from her, passionately, with both her hands, and she turned away from it and sat looking through her window into the sunny world outside.

What if——?

She slipped out of bed, and mechanically she went over to the mirror. She had to see a human face if it was only the reflection of her own. Could *that* be Hetty Grayson in the mirror?

The face looked at her. It was stern and white, and its cheeks were wet with tears, and its swollen eyes looked at her as if from a great distance. Of what use was life to a face like that? Those days when she felt his arms warm round her . . . and when he had taught her miracles . . . life was worth while then. And afterwards . . . even then! When she had forgotten herself and her sorrow for a moment, and had lost herself in him again, and life in his arms had seemed a more wonderful thing than ever, just because of all she had suffered . . . *then* it was worth while to live. But now?

What was before her? A new place somewhere . . . wages . . . exactitude . . . the employer and employed. What else?

The brilliant sun came pouring in. It lighted up the stern white face in the glass. And the swollen eyes looked out at her—questioningly. She stood like that for a long while.

And then suddenly the eyes changed. There was no longer any questioning in them. And in the glass Hetty Grayson saw the figure raise its arms and coil up the heavy

hair that hung all about it, and make itself neat . . . rapidly . . . unselfconsciously. She seemed to be just watching it; she had no connection with it. And then she saw it pause a moment with its closed hand at its mouth. And she saw its lips move, and she seemed to see—or was it hear—the words somewhere : " And then it'll not be a secret any more ! "

Hetty Grayson unclasped the chain that hung about her neck, and she took a ring off it, and she clapsed the chain again. And she slipped the ring on to one of her fingers, and she lifted it to her lips, and she kissed it . . . and kissed it. And her tears rained down upon it. And once she said, " My baby. . . ."

She went over to the door of her room and she opened it softly and she listened. And then she slipped out into the quietness, and ran downstairs noiselessly, in her bare feet. And as she went she kept whispering to herself : " They'll find us together. It'll not be a secret any more. . . ."

When, at last, she could lie down beside him, she reached up and took his hands in hers, and she laid her warm face close to his—and waited.

Democracy and Direct Action

By Bertrand Russell

The battle for political democracy has been won: white men everywhere are to live under the *régime* of parliamentary government. Russia, which for the present is trying a new form of constitution, will probably be led by internal or external pressure to adopt the system favoured by the Western Powers.

But even before this contest was decided a new one was seen to be beginning. The form of government in the United States, Britain, and France is a capitalistic or plutocratic democracy: the democracy which exists in the political sphere finds no counterpart in the economic world. The struggle for economic democracy seems likely to dominate politics for many years to come. The Russian Government, which cares nothing for the forms of political democracy, stands for a very extreme form of economic democracy. A strong and apparently growing party in Germany has similar aims. Of opinion in France I know nothing, but in this country the desire of the workers to obtain control of industries, subject to State ownership, though not sufficiently strong numerically to have much influence on the *personnel* of Parliament, is nevertheless able, through organisation in key industries, to exert a powerful pressure on the Government and to cause fear of industrial upheavals to become widespread throughout the middle and upper classes. We have thus the spectacle of opposition between a new democratically-elected Parliament and the sections of the nation which consider themselves the most democratic. In such circumstances many friends of democracy become bewildered and grow perplexed as to the aims they ought to pursue or the party with which they ought to sympathise.

The time was when the idea of parliamentary government inspired enthusiasm, but that time is past. Already before the war legislation had come to be more and more

determined by contest between interests outside the legislature, bringing pressure to bear directly upon the Government. This tendency has been much accelerated. The view which prevails in the ranks of organised labour—and not only there—is that Parliament exists merely to give effect to the decisions of the Government, while those decisions themselves, so far from representing any settled policy, embody nothing but the momentary balance of forces and the compromise most likely to secure temporary peace. The weapon of Labour in these contests is no longer the vote, but the threat of a strike—"direct action." It was the leaders of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* during the twenty years preceding the war who first developed this theory of the best tactics for Labour. But it was experience rather than theory that led to its widespread adoption—the experience largely of the untrustworthiness of Parliamentary Socialist leaders and of the reactionary social forces to which they were exposed.

To the traditional doctrine of democracy there is something repugnant in this whole method. Put crudely and nakedly, the position is this: The organised workers in a key industry can inflict so much hardship upon the community by a strike that the community is willing to yield to their demands things which it would never yield except under the threat of force. This may be represented as the substitution of the private force of a minority in place of law as embodying the will of the majority. On this basis a very formidable indictment of direct action can be built up.

There is no denying that direct action involves grave dangers, and, if abused, may theoretically lead to very bad results. In this country, when (in 1917) organised labour wished to send delegates to Stockholm, the Seamen's and Firemen's Union prevented them from doing so, with the enthusiastic approval of the capitalist Press. Such interferences of minorities with the freedom of action of majorities are possible; it is also possible for majorities to interfere with the legitimate freedom of minorities. Like all use of force, whether inside or outside the law, direct action makes tyranny possible. And if one were anxious to draw a gloomy picture of terrors ahead, one might prophesy that certain well-organised vital industries—say, the Triple Alliance of miners, railwaymen, and transport-workers—

would learn to combine, not only against the employers, but against the community as a whole. We shall be told that this will happen unless a firm stand is made now. We shall be told that, if it does happen, the indignant public will have, sooner or later, to devote itself to the organisation of blacklegs, in spite of the danger of civil disturbance and industrial chaos that such a course would involve. No doubt such dangers would be real if it could be assumed that organised labour is wholly destitute of common sense and public spirit. But such an assumption could never be made except to flatter the fears of property-owners. Let us leave nightmares on one side and come to the consideration of the good and harm that are actually likely to result in practice from the increasing resort to direct action as a means of influencing government.

Many people speak and write as though the beginning and end of democracy were the rule of the majority.* But this is far too mechanical a view. It leaves out of account two questions of great importance, namely: (1) What should be the group of which the majority is to prevail? (2) What are the matters with which the majority has a right to interfere? Right answers to these questions are essential if nominal democracy is not to develop into a new and more stable form of tyranny; for minorities and subordinate groups have the right to live, and must not be internally subject to the malice of hostile masses.

The first question is familiar in one form, namely, that of nationality. It is recognised as contrary to the theory of democracy to combine into one State a big nation and a small one when the small nation desires to be independent.† To allow votes to the citizens of the small nation is no remedy, since they can always be outvoted by the citizens of the large nation. The popularly-elected legislature, if it is to be genuinely democratic, must represent one nation; or, if more are to be represented, it must be by a federal arrangement which safeguards the smaller units. A legislature should exist for defined purposes, and should cover a larger or smaller area according to the nature of those

* This, for example, is the view of Professor Hearnshaw in his recent book, *Democracy at the Cross-Ways*.

† This, of course, does not apply when the small nation is part of the British Empire, for then it cannot have any legitimate grievance.

purposes. At this moment, when an attempt is being made to create a League of Nations for certain objects, this point does not need emphasising.

But it is not only geographical units, such as nations, that have a right, according to the true theory of democracy, to autonomy for certain purposes. Just the same principle applies to any group which has important internal concerns that affect the members of the group enormously more than they affect outsiders. The coal trade, for example, might legitimately say: "What concerns the community is the quantity and price of the coal that we supply. But our conditions and hours of work, our technical methods of production, and the share of the produce that we choose to allow to the land-owners and capitalists who at present own and manage the collieries, all these are internal concerns of the coal trade, in which the general public has no right to interfere. For these purposes we demand an internal Parliament, in which those who are interested as owners and capitalists may have one vote each, but no more." If such a demand were put forward it would be as impossible to resist on democratic grounds as the demand for autonomy on the part of a small nation. Yet it is perfectly clear that the coal trade could not induce the community to agree to such a proposal, especially where it infringes the "rights of property," unless it were sufficiently well organised to be able to do grave injury to the community in the event of its proposal being rejected—just as no small nation except Norway, so far as my memory serves me, has ever obtained independence from a large one to which it was subject except by war or the threat or war.

The fact is that democracies, as soon as they are well established, are just as jealous of power as other forms of government. It is, therefore, necessary, if subordinate groups are to obtain their rights, that they shall have some means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Government. The Benthamite theory, upon which democracy is still defended by some doctrinaires, was that each voter would look after his own interest, and in the resultant each man's interest would receive its proportionate share of attention. But human nature is neither so rational nor so self-centred as Bentham imagined. In practice it is easier, by arousing hatred and jealousies, to induce men to vote against the

interests of others than to persuade them to vote for their own interests. In the recent General Election in this country very few electors remembered their own interests at all. They voted for the man who showed the loudest zeal for hanging the Kaiser, not because they imagined they would be richer if he were hanged, but as an expression of disinterested hatred. This is one of the reasons why autonomy is important: in order that, as far as possible, no group shall have its internal concerns determined for it by those who hate it. And this result is not secured by the mere *form* of democracy; it can only be secured by careful devolution of special powers to special groups, so as to secure, as far as possible, that legislation shall be inspired by the self-interest of those concerned, not by the hostility of those not concerned.

This brings us to the second of the two questions mentioned above—a question which is, in fact, closely bound up with the first. Our second question was: What are the matters with which the democracy has a right to interfere? It is now generally recognised that religion, for example, is a question with which no Government should interfere. If a Mahometan comes to live in England we do not think it right to force him to profess Christianity. This is a comparatively recent change; three centuries ago no State recognised the right of the individual to choose his own religion. (Some other personal rights have been longer recognised: a man may choose his own wife, though in Christian countries he must not choose more than one.) When it ceased to be illegal to hold that the earth goes round the sun, it was not made illegal to believe that the sun goes round the earth. In such matters it has been found, with intense surprise, that personal liberty does not entail anarchy. Even the sternest supporters of the rule of the majority would not hold that the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to turn Buddhist if Parliament ordered him to do so. And Parliament does not, as a rule, issue orders of this kind, largely because it is known that the resistance would be formidable and that it would have support in public opinion.

In theory the formula as to legitimate interferences is simple. A democracy has a right to interfere with those of the affairs of a group which intimately concern people out-

side the group, but not with those which have comparatively slight effects outside the group. In practice this formula may sometimes be difficult to apply, but often its application is clear. If, for example, the Welsh wish to have their elementary education conducted in Welsh, that is a matter which concerns them so much more intimately than anyone else that there can be no good reason why the rest of the United Kingdom should interfere.

Thus the theory of democracy demands a good deal more than the mere mechanical supremacy of the majority. It demands (1) division of the community into more or less autonomous groups; (2) delimitation of the powers of the autonomous groups by determining which of their concerns are so much more important to themselves than to others that others had better have no say in them.

Direct action may, in most cases, be judged by these tests. In an ideal democracy, industries, or groups of industries, would be self-governing as regards almost everything except the price and quantity of their product, and their self-government would be democratic. Measures which they would then be able to adopt autonomously they are now justified in extorting from the Government by direct action. At present the extreme limit of imaginable official concession is a conference in which the men and the employers are represented equally; but this is very far from democracy, since the men are much more numerous than the employers. *This* application of majority-rule is abhorrent to those who invoke majority-rule against direct-actionists, yet it is absolutely in accordance with the principles of democracy. It must at best be a long and difficult process to procure formal self-government for industries. Meanwhile, they have the same right that belongs to oppressed national groups, the right of securing the substance of autonomy by making it difficult and painful to go against their wishes in matters primarily concerning themselves. So long as they confine themselves to such matters their action is justified by the strictest principles of theoretical democracy, and those who decry it have been led by prejudice to mistake the empty form of democracy for its substance.

Certain practical limitations, however, are important to remember. In the first place, it is unwise for a section to

set out to extort concessions from the Government by force if, *in the long run*, public opinion will be on the side of the Government. For a Government backed by public opinion will be able, in a prolonged struggle, to defeat any subordinate section. In the second place, it is important to render every struggle of this kind, when it does occur, a means of educating public opinion by making facts known which would otherwise remain more or less hidden, In a large community most people know very little about the affairs of other groups than their own. The only way in which a group can get its concerns widely known is by affording "copy" for the newspapers and by showing itself sufficiently strong and determined to command respect. When these conditions are fulfilled, even if it is force that is brought to bear upon the *Government*, it is persuasion that is brought to bear upon the *community*. And, in the long run, no victory is secure unless it rests upon persuasion and employs force at most as a means to persuasion.

The mention of the Press and its effect on public opinion suggests a direction in which direct action has sometimes been advocated, namely, to counteract the capitalist bias of almost all great newspapers. One can imagine compositors refusing to set up some statement about trade union action which they know to be directly contrary to the truth. Or they might insist on setting up side by side a statement of the case from the trade union standpoint. Such a weapon, if it were used sparingly and judiciously, might do much to counteract the influence of the newspapers in misleading public opinion. So long as the capitalist system persists, most newspapers are bound to be capitalist ventures, and to present "facts," in the main, in the way that suits capitalist interests. A strong case can be made out for the use of direct action to counteract this tendency. But it is obvious that very grave dangers would attend such a practice if it became common. A censorship of the Press by trade unionists would, in the long run, be just as harmful as any other censorship. It is improbable, however, that the method could be carried to such extremes, since, if it were, a special set of blackleg compositors would be trained up and no others would gain admission to the offices of capitalist newspapers. In this case, as in others, the dangers supposed to belong to the

method of direct action are largely illusory, owing to the natural limitations of its effectiveness.

Direct action may be employed (*a*) for amelioration of trade conditions within the present economic system; (*b*) for economic reconstruction, including the partial or complete abolition of the capitalist system; (*c*) for political ends, such as altering the form of government, extension of the suffrage, forcing an appeal to the country, or amnesty for political prisoners. Of these three, no one nowadays would deny the legitimacy of the first, except in exceptional circumstances. The third, except for purposes of establishing democracy where it does not yet exist, seems a dubious expedient if democracy, in spite of its faults, is recognised as the best practicable form of government; but in certain cases—for example, where there has been infringement of some important right such as free speech—it may be justifiable. The second of the above uses of the strike, for the fundamental change of the economic system, has been made familiar by the French Syndicalists. It seems fairly certain that, for a considerable time to come, the main struggle in Europe will be between capitalism and some form of socialism, and it is highly probable that in this struggle the strike will play a great part. To introduce democracy into industry by any other method would be very difficult. And the principle of group-autonomy justifies this method so long as the rest of the community opposes self-government for industries which desire it. Direct action has its dangers, but so has every vigorous form of activity. And in our recent realisation of the importance of law we must not forget that the greatest of all dangers to a civilisation is to become stereotyped and stagnant. From this danger, at least, industrial unrest is likely to save us.

Studies in Classic American Literature (vii)

By D. H. Lawrence

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Before beginning the study of Hawthorne it is necessary again to consider the bases of the human consciousness. Man has two distinct fields of consciousness, two living minds. First, there is the physical or primary mind, a perfect and spontaneous consciousness centralising in the great plexuses and ganglia of the nervous system and in the hind brain. Secondly, there is the ideal consciousness, which we recognise as mental, located in the brain. We are mistaken when we conceive of the nerves and the blood as mere vehicles or media of the mental consciousness. The blood itself is self-conscious. And the great nerve-centres of the body are centres of perfect primary cognition.

What we call "instinct" in creatures such as bees, or ants, or whales, or foxes, or larks, is the sure and perfect working of the primary mind in these creatures. All the tissue of the body is all the time aware. The blood is awake; the whole blood-system of the body is a great field of primal consciousness. But in the nervous system the primary consciousness is localised and specialised. Each great nerve-centre has its own peculiar consciousness, its own peculiar mind, its own primary percepts and concepts, its own spontaneous desires and ideas. The singing of a lark is direct expression from the whole primary or dynamic mind. When a bee leaves its hive and circles round to sense the locality, it is attending with the primary mind to the surrounding objects, establishing a primary *rapport* between its own very tissue and the tissue of the adjacent objects. A process of rapid *physical* thought takes place, an act of the primary, not the cerebral mind: the sensational, not the ideal consciousness. That is, there is a rapid sensual association within the body of the bee, equivalent

to the process of reasoning; sensation develops sensation and sums up to a conclusion, a completed sum of sensations which we may call a sensual concept.

All thought and mental cognition is but a sublimation of the great primary, sensual knowledge located in the tissues of the physique and centred in the nervous ganglia. It is like the flowering of those water-weeds which live entirely below the surface, and only push their blossoms at one particular moment into the light and the air above water.

The process of sensual reasoning, the processes of the primary mind, go on all the time, even when the upper or cerebral mind is asleep. During sleep the first-mind thinks and makes its momentous conclusions—sensual and sensational conclusions, which are the *real* bases of all our actions, no matter what our mental ideas and opinions and decisions may be.

In the highest art, the primary mind expresses itself direct, in direct dynamic pulsating communication. But this expression is harmonious with the outer or cerebral consciousness.

At the beginning, however, of a civilisation, the upper mind cannot adequately deal with the tremendous conclusions of the physical or primary mind. The great dynamic concepts can find no reasonable utterance. Then we have myths; after myths, legends; after legends, romance; and after romance, pure art, where the sensual mind is harmonious with the ideal mind.

Myth, legend, romance, drama, these forms of utterance merge off into one another by imperceptible degrees. The primary or sensual mind of man expresses itself most profoundly in myth. At the same time, myth is most repugnant to reason. Myth is the huge, concrete expression wherein the dynamic psyche utters its first great passional concepts of the genesis of the human cosmos, the inception of the human species. Following myth comes legend, giving utterance to the genesis of a race psyche. Beyond legend is romance, where the individual psyche struggles into dynamic being, still impersonal. When we enter the personal plane we enter the field of art proper—dramatic, lyric, emotional.

Myth, legend, romance, these are all utterances in defiance of reason. They are none the less most pro-

foundly, passionally reasonable. The field of the primary sensual mind is so immense that the attempt to reduce myth or legend to one consistent rational interpretation is futile. It is worse than useless to bring down every great primary myth to cosmic terms, sun myth, thunder myth, and so on. It is still more useless to see the phallic, procreative, and parturitive meaning only. Myth is the utterance of the primary self-knowledge of the dynamic psyche of man. The dynamic or primary or sensual psyche utters, in terms more or less monstrous, its own fundamental knowledge of its own genesis. Owing to the great co-ordination of everything in the universe, the genesis of the psyche of the human species is at the same time the genesis of the sun, the moon, and the thunderbolt: indeed, the genesis of everything. So that, in one sense, a great primary myth means everything, and all our interpretations are only particularisations from a colossal root-whole.

For the clue or quick of the universe lies in the creative mystery. And the clue or active quick of the creative mystery lies in the human psyche. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, if we conceive of God we must conceive of Him in personal terms. But the test of wisdom lies in abstaining from the attempt to make a presentation of God. We must start from what seems to be nullity, the unknowable, the inexpressible, the creative mystery wherein we are established. We cannot become more exact than this without introducing falsehood. But we know that the quick of the creative mystery lies, for us at least, in the human soul, the human psyche, the human anima. Hence the only form of worship is *to be*: each man to be his own self, that which has issue from the mystery and takes form as an inscrutable self. In the soul, the self, the very man unto himself, the god-mystery is active and evident first and foremost.

The progression of man's conscious understanding is dual. The primary or sensual mind begins with the huge, profound, passional generalities of myth, and proceeds through legend and romance to pure, personal art. Parallel to this, the reasoning mind starts from the great cosmic theories of the ancient world, and proceeds, by a progress in particularisation, to establish great laws, physical and ethical, then to discover the exact and minute scientific

relation between particular bodies or substances and the great laws, and finally to gain an inkling of the connection between scientific reality and creative, personal reality. The progress is a progression towards harmony between the two halves of the psyche. The approach is towards a pure unison between religion and science. The monstrosity of myth is most repugnant to reason. In the same way, the monstrosity of scientific cosmogony and cosmogenesis is most repugnant to the passional psyche. But the progress of religion is to remove all that is repugnant to reason, and the progress of science is towards a reconciliation with the personal, passional soul. The last steps remain to be taken, and then man can really begin to be free, really to live his whole self, his whole life, in fulness.

The nearest approach of the passional psyche to scientific or rational reality is in art. In art we have perfect dynamic utterance. The nearest approach of the rational psyche towards passional truth is in philosophy. Philosophy is the perfect static utterance. When the unison between art and philosophy is complete, then knowledge will be in full, not always in part, as it is now.

Hawthorne is a philosopher as well as an artist. He attempts to understand as deeply as he feels. He does not succeed. There is a discrepancy between his conscious understanding and his passional understanding. To cover this discrepancy he calls his work romance. Now, it is evident that Hawthorne is not a romanticist in the strict sense. Romance is the utterance of the primary individual mind, in defiance of reason. The two forms of romance are heroic and idyllic, Arthurian romance and "As You Like It." In heroic romance magic is substituted to symbolise the powers of the psyche. A magic weapon such as the sword Excalibur symbolises some primal, dynamic power of the heroic psyche over the ordinary psyche. To give the sword a necessary phallic reference, as some of the popular symbologists do to-day, is false and arbitrary. In idyllic romance, all external conditions are made subservient to the will of the human psyche : everything occurs as you like it.

It is evident that Hawthorne belongs to neither of these categories. Yet he is not, at least in his greatest work, a realist, nor even a novelist. He is not working in the *personal* plane. His great characters, Hester Prynne,

Dimmesdale, Chillingworth, in *The Scarlet Letter*, are not presented spontaneously as persons. They are abstracted beyond the personal plane. They are not even types. They represent the human soul in its passional abstraction, as it exists in its first abstract nakedness, as a great, dynamic mystery, nakedly ethical, nakedly procreative. *The Scarlet Letter* is, in truth, a legendary myth. It contains the abstract of the fall of the white race. It is the inverse of the Eve myth, in the Book of Genesis. It contains the passional or primary account of the collapse of the human psyche in the white race. Hawthorne tries to keep up a parallel rational exposition of this fall. But here he fails.

The Eve myth symbolises the birth of the upper mind, the upper consciousness which, the moment it becomes self-conscious, rebels against the physical being, and is sensible of shame because of its own helpless connection with the passional body. The serpent is the symbol of division in the psyche, the knife, the dagger, the ray of burning or malevolent light, the undulating line of the waters of the flood, the divider, which sets spiritual being against sensual being, man against woman, sex against sex, the introducer of the hostile duality into the human psyche. But the era of Christianity is the era in which the rational or upper or spiritual mind has risen superior to the primary or sensual being. It is the era when, in the white race particularly, spirit has triumphed over flesh, mind over matter. The great triumph of the one half over the other half is effected.

And then comes the fall. *The Scarlet Letter* contains a precise and accurate account of this Fall, dynamically logical in its exactitude. The book scarcely belongs to the realm of art. It belongs to the realm of primary or passional ethics and ethnology, the realm of the myth and the morality play.

It is the worship, upon the scaffold, of the Mother of the Maculate Conception. It is a worship of Astarte, the Magna Mater, the great mother of physical fecundity. Only it has this strange difference: that the great mother is exposed on the scaffold and worshipped as an object of *sin*. This introduces the peculiar voluptuous complication.

In Christian mythology, Mary enthroned is the Mother of the Sacred Heart, pierced with seven wounds. This has many meanings. But the most obvious is that here we have

the mother of the sensual and primary body pierced in her seven sensual or physical connections, pierced, destroyed, the spiritual remainder deified. This is Mary of the Sacred Heart, with the strange symbol on her breast of the scarlet, bleeding heart and the sword rays. It is the sensual body pierced in its seven profound sense-activities, pierced through the seven gates of the body, in the seven great passional centres.

Hester Prynne, on the scaffold, has a scarlet symbol on her breast. It burns and flashes with rays, sword-rays or sun-rays of golden thread. Here is Mary of the Bleeding Heart standing enthroned in the dark, puritanical New England.

But the scarlet letter is not a bleeding heart. It is the burning symbol of the sensual mystery, the mystery of the sensual, primal psyche, angry now, in its hostility flashing like a conflagration. This is the great A, the Alpha of Adam, now the Alpha of America. It flashes with the great revenge of the serpent, as the primary or sensual psyche, which was perfectly subjected, humiliated, turns under the heel like the serpent of wrath, and bites back. Woman is wasted into abstraction, as Ligeia was wasted, gone in a mental activity and a spiritual purity. Then behold, suddenly, she turns, and we have the Scarlet Woman, the Magna Mater, with her fiery insignia of the sensual self in revolt, presented for worship upon the scaffold, worship in contumely and blame. The revelation is subtle. The almost insane malice of the situation, the malicious duplicity which exalts in shame that which it worships in lust, is conveyed by Hawthorne acutely enough.

"Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here, there was a taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne."

Hawthorne is a master of symbology, and, further, a master of serpent subtility. His pious blame is subtle commendation to himself. He longs, like the serpent, for revenge, even upon himself. He is divided against himself. Openly he stands for the upper, spiritual, reasoned being. Secretly he lusts in the sensual imagination, in bruising the heel of this spiritual self and laming it for ever. All his reasoned exposition is a pious fraud, kept up to satisfy his own upper or outward self.

Hester Prynne is the successor of Ligeia. In Ligeia the primary or sensual self was utterly submitted, and in its submission it was tortured and ground to death by the triumphant husband, the spirit-worshipping or mind-worshipping male; Ligeia herself worshipped the conscious mind. She herself submitted the body of her own primary being to deliberate disintegration, attempting to sublimate it altogether into mind-stuff. Then she shrieks because she must die, leaving the destructive mental being in the man triumphant. The stern vultures of passion in Ligeia are the angry heavings of revolt, in her primary or sensual soul, against its prostitution to the upper or spiritual or mental ego. But she suppresses this revolt with all her will. She *keeps* the primary, sensual psyche utterly prostitute till it is worn away, devoured, by the spiritual psyche. Then she shrieks in a frenzy of despair, and deliberately sets herself to persist in the afterdeath, malevolently destructive still of the thing she hates so much, the very first reality of being, the sensual or primary self in woman. Ligeia's afterdeath malevolence destroys the body and life of Rowena, and then spends itself. Ligeia is spent and gone. And now, as from the tomb, rises the murdered body of the woman, the murdered first-principle of being: just as the Lady Madeline of Usher rose from the tomb and brought down her vampire brother Roderick—Roderick, who loved her to such a deathly extremity, in spiritual or mental love: and who destroyed her.

Hester Prynne is the great nemesis of woman. She, too, is born utterly subject. She, too, loves the ultra-spiritual being, Arthur Dimmesdale, the young, saintly, almost miraculous preacher. Arthur Dimmesdale is the very asphodel of spiritual perfection, refined till he is almost translucent and glassy. He is far more refined than Angel

Clare in *Tess*, perfect as a moonstone emitting the white and sacred beam of the spirit and the holy mind. He is so spiritual and inspired that he becomes impossible; he is a pure, lambent flame sucking up and consuming the very life-stuff of mankind. But particularly he sucks up the life-stuff of the woman who loves him. Without this nourishment from her consumed, prostituted being his flame would fade out, for he belongs no more to earth. Unless the woman will be holy prostitute to him in sacred spiritual love, given to him as wax is given to the candle-flame, to be consumed into light, he is done, for his own substance is spent. Therefore, the woman gives herself in sacred, virgin prostitution, and is consumed. It is what happens all the time with spiritual clergymen and their female devotees. The true being in woman is prostitute to the ghastly spiritual effulgence.

But not for ever. The hour for revenge comes. Subtly, with extreme serpent subtlety, having been held down and wasted long enough into the spiritual effulgence of Arthur Dimmesdale, the woman in Hester Prynne recoils, turns in rich, lurid revenge. She seduces the saint, and the saint is seduced. Mystically he is killed, as he must be killed. The child born of him is a little serpent, a poison blossom.

Now at last the spiritual era is at an end, but only at the beginning of the end. This is the disaster of disasters, when the woman suddenly recoils from her union with man, and strikes back at him like a serpent, secretly, from an infuriated, tormented primary soul. Through two thousand years man, the leader, has been slaying the dragon of the primary self, the sensual psyche, and the woman has been with him. But the hour of triumph is the hour of the end. In the hour of triumph the slain rises up in revenge and the destroyer is destroyed.

When Hester Prynne seduces Arthur Dimmesdale we have the beginning of the end: but not the end, by a long way. In the creative union between man and woman, man must take the lead, though woman gives the first suggestion. When man, holding woman still in the bond of union, leads into prostitution and death, as man has led all humanity into the nacreous, sanctified vampiredom of pure spiritual or intellectual being, then the bond of union breaks between the sexes. Then the deep, subconscious, primary self in

woman recoils in antagonism. But it is a recoil of long, secret destructiveness, nihilism, subtle, serpent-like, outwardly submissive. Man must either lead or be destroyed. Woman cannot lead. She can only be at one with man in the creative union, whilst he leads; or, failing this, she can destroy by undermining, by striking the heel of the male. The woman isolate or in advance of man is always mystically destructive. When man falls before woman, and she must become alone and self-responsible, she goes on and on in destruction, till all is death or till man can rise anew and take his place. When the woman takes the responsible place in the conjunction between man and woman, then the mystic creative union is reversed; it becomes a union of negation and undoing. Whatever the outward profession and action may be, when woman is the leader or dominant in the sex relationship, and in the human progress, then the activity of mankind is an activity of disintegration and undoing. And it is woman who gives the first suggestion, starts the first impulse of the undoing.

Man falls before woman because he has led on into a ghastly bog of falsehood. He then clings to the woman like a child, and she becomes the responsible party. But woe betide her; her triumph is a bitter one. Every stride she takes is a stride of further death. With all her passion she cherishes and nourishes her man, and yet her cherishing and nourishing only destroy him more. With all her soul she tries to save life. And the greatness of her effort only further saps the root of life, weakens the soul of man, destroys him, and drives him into an insanity of self-destruction. Such is the Age of Woman. Such it always has been, and always will be. It is the age of cowardly, false, destructive men. It is the age of fatal, suffocating love, love which kills like a Laocoon snake.

Woman cannot take the creative lead; she can only give the creative radiation. From her, as from Eve, must come the first suggestion or impulse of new being. When, however, she recoils from man's leadership and takes matters in her own hands, she recoils in mystic destruction. She cannot make a beginning, go on ahead. She can only prompt man, not knowing herself to what she prompts him. When he will not be prompted, woman becomes a devastating influence. She has no way of her own. She can

only follow in exaggeration the old creed. This is evident in Hester Prynne. Hester Prynne has struck the blow that will kill for ever the triumphant spiritual being in man. And yet, in her living, she can only exaggerate the old life of self-abnegation and spiritual purity. She becomes a sister of mercy.

This is the puzzling anomaly of the present day. In the old days, when woman turned in her terrible recoil, she became Astarte, the Syria Dea, Aphrodite Syriaca, the Scarlet Woman. To-day, in her recoil the Scarlet Woman becomes a Sister of Mercy. She cannot help it. She must, in her upper mind, keep true to the old faith that man has given her, the belief in love and self-sacrifice. To this she is, as it were, hypnotised or condemned. Yet, all the while, her potent self is utterly at outs with this faith and this sacrifice. Darkly, she bites the heel of selfless humanity.

It is the fate of woman, that what she is she is darkly and helplessly. What woman *knows*, she knows because man has taught it to her. What she *is*, this is another matter. She can never give expression to the profound movements of her own being. These movements can only find an expression through a man. Man is the utterer, woman is the first cause. Whatever God there is made it so.

Hester, however, urges Dimmesdale to go away with her to a new country, to begin a new life. But it is doubtful if she was any more ready for this step than he. When a man responds to the prompting of a woman towards a new life, he has not only to face the world itself, but a great reaction in the very woman he takes. In her conscious self woman is almost inhumanly conservative, reactionary. Anna Karenin, Hester Prynne, Sue in *Jude the Obscure*, these women are never satisfied till they have shattered the man who responded to them. If Dimmesdale had fled with Hester they would have felt themselves social outcasts. And then they would have had to live in secret hatred of mankind, like criminal accomplices; or they would have felt isolated, cut off, two lost creatures, a man meaningless except as the agent, or tool, or creature of the possessive woman; and when a man loses his meaning, the woman one way or other destroys him. She kills him by her very possessive love itself. It would have been necessary

for Dimmesdale in some way to conquer society with a new spirit and a new idea. And this was impossible. The time was by no means ripe. The old idea must be slowly undermined: slowly and secretly undermined. Dimmesdale in his confession struck his blow at the old idea. But he could not survive. And it was for this reason he hated Hester at the last.

She outlived him. But she went on with the work of secretly undermining the established form of society. Her duplicity was purely unconscious. In all her conscious passion she desired to be pure and good, a true sister of mercy. But the primal soul is inexorable. Hawthorne gives the picture in all its details, introducing the suggestion of witchcraft. The ancients were not altogether fools in their belief in witchcraft. When the profound, subconscious soul of woman recoils from its creative union with man it can exact a tremendous invisible destructive influence. This malevolent force can invisibly press upon the sources of life in any hated individual—or perhaps much more so on any loved individual—pressing, sapping, shattering life unknowably at its very sources. There is a terrible effluence from the reactionary human soul, and this effluence acts as a destructive electricity upon the centres of primary life in man, and destroys the flow, the very life itself, at those centres. The activity is so intensely powerful, yet so invisible, often even involuntary on the part of the agent, that it produces ghastly and magical results. And it is the frenzy of people harried and pressed by the destructive power emitted from the hateful soul of an individual, woman or man, who is possessed by this reaction against all creative union, that drives communities into a sudden frenzied seeking for a victim. Then we have the burning of witches and wizards. No passion of the human soul is *utterly* misguided. And the old witch-lady, Mistress Hibbins, claims Hester as a witch.

Hawthorne says of Hester: "She had in her nature a rich, voluptuous, oriental characteristic—a taste for the gorgeously beautiful." This is the aboriginal American principle working in her, the Aztec principle. She repressed it. Even she would not allow herself the luxury of labouring at fine, delicate stitchery. But she dressed the little Pearl vividly, and the scarlet letter was gorgeously

embroidered. These were her Hecate or Astarte insignia. For the rest she was the sternest, most ascetic Puritan.

All the while, we can *see* that she is the pivot, the mystic centre of the most implacable destruction of Dimmesdale, of his white sanctity and of his spiritual effulgence. Nay, of more than this: she, the grey nurse, the sister of mercy and charity, she was a centre of mystic obstruction to the creative activity of all life. She destroyed the Puritan being from within. "The poor, whom she sought out to be the objects of her bounty, often reviled the hand that was stretched forth to succour them." We know for ourselves that her succour was her helpless attempt to cover her implacable hate, and the poor responded intuitively. "She was patient—a martyr indeed," Hawthorne continues, "but she forbore to pray for her enemies, lest, in spite of her forgiving aspirations, the words of the blessing should stubbornly twist themselves into a curse."

Yet she is not a hypocrite. Only the serpent has turned in her soul. She invests herself in the sternest righteousness to escape the doom of her own being. But it is no good. At the very quick she is in revolt; she is a destroyer, her heart is a source of the malevolent Hecate electricity, flashing with serpent rays.

"She grew to have a dread of children; for they had imbibed from their parents a vague idea of something horrible in this dreary woman gliding silently through the town, with never any companion but only one child."

The Astarte or Hecate principle has in it a necessary antagonism to life itself, the very issue of life: it contains the element of blood sacrifice of children, in its darker, destructive mood; just as it worships procreative child-birth, in its productive mood. The motion from the productive to the destructive activity of the Hecate principle is only a progression in intensity: intensity reached either through triumph and overweening, as in the old religions, or through opposition and repression, as in modern life.

"But sometimes, once in many days, or perchance in many months, she felt an eye—a human eye—upon the ignominious brand, that seemed to give a momentary relief, as if half her agony were shared. The next instant, back it all rushed again, with a still deeper throb of pain; for in

that brief interval she had sinned again. Had Hester sinned alone?"

Hawthorne is a sorcerer, a real seer of darkness. He knows, admittedly, what it is to meet in a crowd two eyes dark with the same instant, dreadful mystery of unfathomable, indomitable, destructive passion—eyes that answer in instant, mystic, deadly understanding, as the eye of a gipsy will sometimes answer, out of a crowd.

Hester's real, vital activity, however, lies in her unconscious struggle with Dimmesdale, who is polarised against her in the mystic conjunction and opposition. Once she has destroyed him, her dreadful spirit is more or less appeased. After his death it comes to pass that the "A" on her breast is said to stand for "Abel." There is a devilish, unconscious satire—a dream irony—in this also. She is appeased. But she lives on, a lonely, grey, dreadful woman, one of the shades of the underworld.

She is appeased, but her spirit lives on in Pearl. Pearl is the scarlet letter incarnate, as the book says. There was that in the child "which often impelled Hester to ask, in bitterness of heart, whether it were for good or ill that the poor little creature had been born at all."

In her relation to Pearl, there is the same horrible division in Hester's heart. The child is the scarlet letter incarnate. Once she is compared to the demon of plague or scarlet fever—a demoniacal little creature, in her red dress. Then again she is tender and loving—but always uncertain. The subtle, steely, pallid mockery is never absent from her eyes. The strange Judas principle, of betrayal, of the neutralisation of the one impulsive self against the other, this is purely expressed in Pearl. She can love with clinging tenderness—only that she may draw away and hit the mouth that kisses her, with a mocking laugh. She can hate with dark passion—only to turn again with easy, indifferent friendliness, more insulting than rage. Her principle is the truly deadly principle of betrayal for betrayal's sake—the real demon principle, which just neutralises the sensual impulse with a spiritual gesture, and neutralises the spiritual impulse with a sensual gesture, creates a perfect frustration, neutralisation, and laughs with recurrent mockery. This is the one single motive of Pearl's being, this motive of neutralisation into nothingness. And

her triumph is in her jeering laugh. In the end, very fitly, she marries an Italian nobleman. But we are not told whether she outmatched him, or he her, in diabolic opposition.

Hester, inevitably, *hates* something that Pearl is. And as well she cherishes the child as her one precious treasure. Pearl is the continuing of her terrible revenge on all life. "The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder, or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered."

This is Hawthorne's diagnosis. He did not choose to discover too much, openly. But he gives us all the data. He goes on to describe the peculiar look in her eyes—"a look so intelligent, yet inexplicable, so perverse, sometimes so malicious, but generally accompanied by a wild flow of spirits, that Hester could not help questioning at such moments whether Pearl was a human child." To answer that question Hester would have had to define what she meant by human. Pearl, by the very openness of her perversity, was at least straightforward. She answers downright that she has no Heavenly Father. She mocks and tortures Dimmesdale with a subtlety rarer even than her mother's, and more exquisitely poisonous. But even in this she has a sort of reckless gallantry, the pride of her own deadly being. We cannot help regarding the phenomenon of Pearl with wonder, and fear, and amazement, and respect. For surely nowhere in literature is the spirit of much of modern childhood so profoundly, almost magically revealed.

The Two Paths

By M. P. Willcocks

The temperament of everyone who was ever born may be classified as belonging predominantly either to the type of Bernard Shaw or of Algernon Blackwood; or, if one prefers another way of putting it, to the Greek or the ancient Egyptian. These, at any rate, are the two poles between which we all oscillate, some in one direction, some in the other. To the former all events come clear-cut, decisive, trailing no clouds of mystery behind them: for the latter every incident has its luminous fringe that stretches even beyond the curtains of the known, the finite and familiar. Mr. Shaw, who figures personal identity as ending in the cremating chamber, sees the birth of supermen on this earth as the one conceivable object of evolution, while to Mr. Blackwood this life is little more than a railway station at which passengers, human, sub-human, and super-human, arrive and from which they are dispatched to destinations as infinitely varied as are their natures.

Put the same contrasts of temper on a wider stage and there we find that throughout eight thousand years the Egyptian soul is continuously absorbed in the problems of the after-life and incessantly beating itself against the bar of the senses in the effort to express the mystery of existence. While the Greek lived in the full flood of mental sunshine, the typical expression of his genius a columned temple, radiant in colour and perfect in proportion, over the Egyptian there brooded an everlasting twilight, the symbol of his thought the tomb, not the temple, the sarcophagus rather than the statue. Like the unhewn granite of prehistoric avenues, the fixed gaze of the massive seated figures of Egypt seems to express but one idea, that Eternity which through all the rhythmic changes of time remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

When the sway of the Nile land passed away, human beings seemed to gain release, to pass from night to day,

from winter to the full tide of spring. And precisely the same phenomenon recurs again when, after the mediæval torture-house of the spirit, the day broke once more, as with a choir of dawn birds, at the Renaissance. Again the human intellect flamed forth, as it did in Greece after the eclipse of the soul of Egypt. But what is not generally recognised is that this alternating effect, as between the mind and the spirit, has persisted in human history from the beginning up till now. The whole course of its movement has been like that of two threads plaited together, one coming uppermost at one moment and another the next, reckoning ages as moments, one thread being the mind that deals with matter, with the concrete, the other the spirit which ranges through the surrounding darkness of existence that did so obsess the Egyptian priest and the mediæval mystic. The mental life, up to the present, has always been opposed to the spiritual: no age has yet been equally great on both sides. Mental life ebbs when man's gaze is bent on the far darkness; and in the time of Gibbon or the French Encyclopædists, when reason rules alone, men are always positive that the cemeteries contain only those who sleep an eternal sleep. For, whatever angels may do in the matter of space, humanity has not yet learnt to walk on two paths at once. Just as the mentality of Greece follows on Egypt's eight thousand years of spiritual quest, in which science itself only exists to deal with behind-the-curtain events, so the spiritual preoccupation of the Middle Ages succeeds Greece and Rome, and again the Renaissance follows hard on the imprisonment of the mind in the dungeons of hell and purgatory. Once again Puritan asceticism brings a fresh element of spirituality as an offset to the Elizabethan brain-storm. Puritanism is followed by the mental keenness and scepticism of the eighteenth century and by the scientific utilitarianism of the nineteenth, but the epoch of Darwin and Huxley is yielding now to the age of psychical research, of symbolism in literature and futurism in art. Man is turning again from the lighted path of material and mental existence to the luminous fringe.

Yet not quite with the same thoroughness as before, nor with the same forgetfulness of the stage from which he is emerging. For every time that man returns from his flight

in the sunshine of intellectual work he carries more and more of the light-bringing qualities of the mind into the world of spiritual intuition. Something is lost, of course, after each new essay of the human, but something always survives to be carried on, of the mental into the spiritual, of the spiritual into the mental. Travelling by the two paths alternately for age after age, the race gets ever nearer to the ideal of the just man made perfect, who, for our purpose, may be defined as the man who can poise himself on the two wings of mind and spirit.

We are very near this point to-day, so that perhaps for the first time in the history of the world it is possible for the artist to live in both worlds and to turn from the mind to the spirit without any sense of chill. For, of course, man is happiest in dealing with matter: his ideal of order is a mathematical figure, and he always returns with satisfaction to the harmony of a Greek statue. Outside the realm of these things there seems to the intellect to be nothing but chaos. Even to-day a scientist loses something of his judicial calm when matter appears that is too subtle for his balances, just as the artist confronted with strange perceptions of new forces finds them as eerie as the flickering of candles in a strange house. Nevertheless the darkness is less dense than ever before. And as the realm of spirit ceases to be shrouded in the blackness of midnight, so the noon-day glow of the intellectual region becomes more and more darkened with the shadows thrown by those things with which intellect alone cannot grapple. The two paths, in fact, are converging at last, and the typical temperament of the coming age will be, it seems, a borderland one whose science will be in part intuitive and whose art will strive to express not only form, but the unseen forces which work to produce it.

It is this fact which makes the present seem so confused. For we have apparently reached a point in time in which tendencies which never before ran side by side in the light of day are not only coming to the surface together, but are actually seeking a common channel in which to run. And even those who cannot believe in the possibility of this one channel are prattling about it to satisfy the mob which moves by instinct and in moving—upsets things. Against their own will, our leaders in politics acknowledge the

"pull" of the time, but with them it is unreal, a mockery assumed to keep the people quiet. Only with honest and genuine people, such as scientists, artists, and workers, is this channel already becoming a reality. And, while Sir Oliver Lodge demands of the ether that it shall help to explain the mystery of survival, the workers crowd, now to the rationality of Unitarianism, and now to the "demonstrations" of the spiritualists.

And the artist?

His position is the most difficult of all, his task the most chaotic. And for this reason: throughout the whole period of history, whether the tide was running through the mental or spiritual channel, its preoccupation, its net effect, was always the same—to develop personality: to separate: to lay the stress on individual, not corporate life. And, as primitive communalism was left behind, the supreme goal of art, too, became the expression of idealised personality. Where the Greeks showed the sky in the form of a beautiful man, the oldest ritual of the Pyramid texts shows the birth of the sky from Space and Fluid in the picture of a woman's body dotted with stars and overhanging the prostrate male earth which is bestrewn with reeds. But with the separation into spiritual and mental activity, though both sides of art worked at personality as their supreme task, it was in the personality of two distinct orders: in the case of intellectual art it was the personality of the human being, in spiritual art that of the forces which move behind both nature and human nature. Art on its spiritual side is concerned with the personification of powers, not beings: with "gods," not men. And the task before the artist of to-day is to live in both worlds of personification.

He is doing it, too, and the result seems at first grotesque.

It is Futurist sculpture which, perhaps, most manifestly bridges the gulf, starting as it does in the tradition of great spiritual art and then turning from that, not to the human alone, but to the human-divine, to a conception of personality that combines both worlds. The typical work of Jacob Epstein, for instance, presents neither man nor woman, neither bird nor beast, but the creative or destructive powers that weave the world of phenomena. It is in line with Egyptian and Assyrian art, with their winged

bulls, or birds, or cats. These represent, of course, not the personalities of the world of the dead, but the personifications of the powers which move behind the curtain of the visible world. Science deals with them to-day and calls them forces: the Egyptian, like Jacob Epstein, knew them as mysterious entities. Spenser calls them by such names as Wrath and Lust, those powers which shaped the continents and that even now peep out in a fellow being's eyes at some moment when the soul plunges back into the chaos out of which life rises. These personified forms are as dreadful in their mystery as the slow-moving æons, as cruel as the sting of the blood, as inscrutable as destiny itself. Beside the bright splendour of the simple idealised form created by the intellect alone these creatures seem abortions of the slime. But the Greek artist seldom looked into the whirlpool of the sea of creation: had he done so with the eyes of the spirit he, too, would have seen crepuscular beings moving on the cosmic sea. But then, of course, he would have been no Greek, no man of the world of intellectual order.

It is only after centuries that sculpture leaps the gulf and links the human and the non-human personality in one form. Thus the great figure called Mulier, Woman, by Eric Gill, is woman the matrix, the womb of life, no mother of men, but the mother of man—and beast and stone, the principle which brings forth, the thing which is made pregnant by life. It is woman as an Egyptian who had learnt of Greece might see her, in fact: it is the product of a spiritual preoccupation that has learnt to symbolise the non-human by idealising humanity: it is the fruit of soul and mind together. In this statue the two paths converge as surely as they do when in science the ether is asked to solve both physical and psychical problems. And the artist has overcome his peculiar difficulty of merging the two streams of personification of the mental and spiritual world.

But although, as in the case of sculpture, other arts are starting to link into one expression the two orders of personification, as in Blackwood's Centaur and Dyson's beast-men, there is only one which may really be called the art of the return journey in the opposite direction—from personification and separation into unity. This is music which, while growing more complex with the passing of the ages,

has only come under the spell of the instinct to personify when working in conjunction with acting and oratory. Separateness was never its true voice nor personification its business. It is always the art of union, of human with human, of human with the nature powers, of life in every order of created thing. In the rituals of the dawn man did not believe; he felt, he knew, in beating pulses that vibrated to the rhythm of sound, his part and portion with everything that is, both visible and invisible. Then came the centuries of separateness, of tin tabernacles against stone cathedrals, centuries of jarring creeds and clashing armies as well as of the infinitely varied evolution of personality and of the arts which deal with it in its two modes.

It is the children alone who now know the secret of the way back: children and simple people. In every Montessori school you may see the babies in the dance hour moving untaught in natural dance-figures to the poor tinkling of a piano, doing it instinctively, of course, because their natures answer as naturally to the sounds as they do to the sun-ray. Perhaps even Jazz dancing and to-day's outburst of strange negro rhythms have their deep significance and are something more than the mere reaction after war. For most people, under the cloud of to-day's actual evil, of foolish statesmen and greedy chancelleries, are aware of an extraordinary sense that these things are ephemeral: that even though they may last "our time," as we say, they are but the final flicker in a dying lamp. And so, below the cry of "Soviet or Parliament," and far below the sway of Leagues of Nations, lies the power of instinct. And perhaps, after all, we are drunk with hope, with some sense that we have, though we know it not, turned the corner away from separateness, disunion and hatred.

It is even possible that, while politicians starve young children for the sake of frontiers and coal mines, our nerves are already acknowledging a new order of things, and that in our ears is sounding the ritual music of a new brotherhood which will be infinitely more rich and varied for the centuries of conflict which have developed personality on its two sides, the mental and the spiritual.

British Opera

By Nicholas Gatty

If anyone will look at the records of, say, the past twenty or thirty years, he will perhaps be surprised to find how many British operas have been produced in one way or another. He will also notice that the list of the composers of these works is well representative of our best-known musicians, which would dispose of the theory that this branch of the art has been purposely neglected owing to the difficulty of obtaining a hearing, attention rather being paid to those musical forms where production is a simpler matter. Yet it is the fact that reputations have been made in these other forms, and one is therefore inclined to the belief that the cause for the lesser operatic success lies in there being something wrong on the dramatic side; either the libretto is at fault or the composer has no natural bent towards writing dramatic music. One might put it this way: the lack of the dramatic instinct would mean failure to write music which tells on the stage, while its possession might possibly not prevent the composer from erring in respect of his judgment as to whether the libretto chosen for setting was good for its purpose or not.

Now, this matter of the libretto is of first importance, and there can be little doubt that not nearly enough attention has been given to it, in spite of the fact that the Wagner reforms penetrated very deeply into the musical æsthetics of this country, for if their principles have been understood they certainly have not been put into practice. Perhaps this has been due to the fact that the musical side has, rather naturally, overshadowed the literary. Certainly, the Wagner influence has been very great musically, if only, on the whole, as regards externals, composers having imitated the principles rather than made them applicable to their own style. This imitation argues a certain failure of appreciation of the true significance of the methods. Of course, British opera composers have also been influenced by the French and Italian schools, though not to the same extent, nor in such an interesting way. The former has unduly encouraged sentiment and

the latter a passionate style, which is foreign to our temperament. The intellectual and quasi-philosophical trend of Wagner music-drama renders it more sympathetic to us, and, in spite of later developments—which, as a matter of fact, have not enlarged the horizon appreciably—it still remains the dominating influence.

In choosing a libretto the composer should very carefully consider whether Wagner was not right in preferring subjects remote from everyday life. Opera is essentially a very highly idealised form of expression, and it is most important that the atmosphere should be kept free from the commonplace, or the most telling music will be in danger of losing its force. The form, in fact, is not one suitable for the exploitation of realism of this kind. For instance, in spite of the Japanese colouring of *Madama Butterfly*, which is so picturesque and suggests remoteness to Western eyes, there is something which jars in the modern American naval uniform and the whiskey incident, while such a realistic touch as the bicycles in *Fedora* is obviously absurd. The remote period offers the great advantage of rendering possible the use of poetic diction. The actual style in which the text is written obviously concerns the composer very closely as affecting his imagination and inspiration, for, as people do not sing in real life, so they do not speak in terms of poetry, and this is the very quality the musician most needs; and not only the composer, but the singer as well, whose expression of the part is bound to be coloured by the actual choice of word to be sung. Then one rather fancies that composers and librettists do not always realise that all dramatic situations are not necessarily fitted for musical illustration. Those, for example, which are led up to and require dialogue and verbal explanation are unsuitable, in so far as the necessary speed in action cannot be obtained in consequence of the fact that music takes so much longer than words alone to make its effect. On the other hand, when the main outlines of the action are simple and clear the element of time can be more or less ignored in opera, where in a play the scene would drag painfully. The truth is that dramatic effects in opera depend upon musical development, and it is obvious that subjects which give no scope for such cumulative expression are useless, however appropriate they may be for the theatre. A study

of Wagner's texts from this point of view will show clearly what is meant. Perhaps the finest example to be cited is the first half of the third act of *Tristan and Isolda*, where the whole effect turns upon the treatment of the shepherd's pipe melody. Another point requiring careful consideration is the "lyrical moment," which in modern opera takes the place of the old aria. Librettists should clearly grasp the fact that these are the emotional crises, either leading to dramatic crises or being introduced as an eloquent commentary thereon. Siegfried's forging songs lead to action, while the "Liebestod" is the apotheosis of the tragedy of *Tristan and Isolde*. Too often does one find such moments introduced without thought, delaying instead of creating action, and coming as an anti-climax, or being actually irrelevant. *La Tosca*, which all the same is a very successful opera, has two examples of misplaced lyricism; the close of the first act is a jolly piece of concerted writing, but has nothing to do with the action, while the heroine's "Vissi d'arte" delays by being wrongly placed, incidentally leaving Scarpia with nothing to do for some few uncomfortable minutes.

As to the music itself, it is, of course, impossible to say how a composer should treat the text; it is his own affair. But one may at least suggest what should not be done in certain directions. There are four characteristics of the Wagner method, which in combination have exerted so strong an influence that apparently their relative importance has been miscalculated. They are polyphony, sonority in orchestration, "unending melody," and a highly organised type of accompanied recitative. Of these the first, strictly speaking, is not an essential feature of the method; nor, indeed, is the second, which may be described as being a happy attribute. The third, however, is supremely important—it is the dominating factor in the creation of the "lyrical moment"; while the fourth, of scarcely less importance, has certainly been overshadowed by the other three, probably because of its less obviously apparent qualities. If a composer can invent themes which lend themselves to polyphonic writing, well and good; likewise, if he can score well; but he must understand something of the value of the art of symphonic development if he would adopt the principle of the "unend-

ing melody," for this is certainly what Wagner was aiming at in avoiding the cadence and obtaining complete freedom to follow the changing thoughts of the text and yet maintain homogeneity in texture and continuity in mood. As to the accompanied recitative, its aptness in expression and dramatic fitness is necessarily a matter of the dramatic instinct. Many modern works have proved themselves to be Wagnerian, but not in the best sense—in externals rather; they are brilliantly scored, they abound in bewildering polyphony, but the unending melodic structure has been conceived without plan and is more often than not far more continuous in its application than it is in style. It is, indeed, employed in moments where the only correct treatment is that of the accompanied recitative. When all this is superimposed upon a libretto of musical unsuitability, can one be surprised that the production has not been markedly successful?

The fact remains, however, that one may theorise endlessly, and yet operas of foreign origin are produced and are successful which are full of faults from both the dramatic and musical points of view. So that indeed there may be still another factor, another quality missing from unsuccessful productions, something intangible and referable only to that unknown quantity, public opinion. But still one need not add to one's difficulties by heedlessly ignoring the experiences of the past or by failing to grasp fully the meaning of the technical resources of masters of the art. Of one thing one can be perfectly sure, and that is that there is a considerable amount of British music of admirable quality which is never heard on account of its having been cast in an unsuitable mould. This is greatly to be regretted; yet because the opera form is one of such magnificent proportions and a source of powerful expression musicians will scarcely be deterred from further efforts. There is, therefore, every reason for giving the methods here discussed still closer examination that one may seek to apply them with more insight and genuine appreciation than has hitherto obtained. Progress, like true assimilation rather than imitation, is impossible without analysis, and it would appear that even now the wonderful glamour of Wagner opera tends to blind one to the underlying factors through which it is manifested.

The Root-Cause of the Housing Problem

By L. J. Redgrave Cripps

It is now nearly a hundred years since the Earl of Shaftesbury, the first and probably the greatest of our "palliative" social reformers, started the agitation for "The Housing of the Working Classes." We have since had innumerable Royal Commissions and all sorts of other commissions and inquiries, also many Acts of Parliament, all for "The Housing of the Working Classes," and yet now, at the end of all this tinkering—for after all it has *proved* itself to be nothing better than tinkering—the housing problem is not only as bad as ever it was, but, quite apart from the abnormal conditions caused by the war, it is far more acute than ever.

Even just before the war—at the very height of our much vaunted pre-war civilisation, for the safeguarding of which there have been such colossal sacrifices—there were no fewer than seven millions of people in this country who were "living" under what was officially described as "overcrowded conditions," and matters have certainly not *improved* since the war. In one city alone—Dublin—there are still considerably over 20,000 people "living" in one-room tenements,* and still about 500,000 people living in one-room tenements in the rest of the country.

Why, then, is it that we, the English nation, who have apparently the most favourable conditions possible for solving this problem—why is it that we, year after year and generation after generation, still fail to solve it? We, as a nation, have proved our ability to solve problems infinitely more difficult than this. Why, therefore, should we allow ourselves to be beaten by this comparatively easy problem?

* For further and full details as to the exact condition of affairs in Dublin—"conditions that can only arouse feelings of horror and dismay"—the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Charles Travers which appeared in the English Review of November, 1917.

We have the necessary *wealth* to do it; we have the necessary *brains* to do it; and (if we are to believe the profuse professions of our political and other reformers) we also have the necessary *desire* to do it. The extreme urgency and vital importance of the housing problem have been most clearly stated by King George himself when he declared that "the foundation of our national glory must be set in the homes of the people."

Why then do we not at once see to it that this foundation is well and truly laid?

There must be *something*, some special and peculiar obstacle, which is holding us all back and nullifying our desires and diverting our natural and national wealth.

It is absolutely no use our wasting any more time discussing pettifogging *details* about the housing problem (such, for instance, as whether the "working classes" should have the luxury of a parlour or not) until we have first found out and are quite clear as to what is this "something"—this fundamental obstruction that is blocking the way and causing so much wholesale misery and disease.

To put it bluntly, the root-cause of the trouble, the "something" which is blocking the way, is just this: We, as a nation, have allowed ourselves—without deliberately intending so to do—just to *drift* into the grip of a deadly system for regulating our lives. Every tribe and clan and nation has a system for regulating its communal affairs. *Our* system, which is known as the Competitive Industrial System, is the most deadly of the lot, and nowhere has its stultifying effects been more marked than in the "homes" of the people—the homes that are the very "foundation of our national glory."

There are, altogether, about eight million "homes" in this country, and of these about five millions—miserable and monotonous rows of little brick boxes with slate lids—are only fit to be burnt down or otherwise dissipated into thin air, for, so far from being "the foundation of our national glory," these five million "homes" are not only having a dreary, soul-deadening effect upon the people of this country, but they are actually the direct and immediate cause of disease and of all the dread miseries resulting from disease.

Nobody would dream of accusing Sir Auckland Geddes of being a revolutionist, yet even he—as a result of the universal medical inspection revelations—has been moved to declare that "he does not wonder at industrial unrest. He only wonders that there has not been a revolution years ago, because the record of our health bespeaks the record of bad housing and insufficient food, light, air, and recreation."

It is, therefore, our present pernicious system of private ownership of the means of life which is blocking the way and preventing any real solution of not only the housing problem, but also of all our other social problems.

Take, for instance, the case of Sussex—and this is by no means an abnormal case. Sussex has a population of about 700,000 people, *but more than half the total area of Sussex is owned by a mere handful of only forty men.* These forty men may quite possibly be, personally, most charming gentlemen (as, indeed, they *ought* to be!), but the fact remains that they nevertheless own and control the means of life of tens of thousands of their fellow countrymen, for *everything* comes from the land, including houses, and so they—and their fellow Capitalists—are able to dictate practically their own terms for the regulation of our social life, including even the regulation of our Parliament, as we have recently had such clear proof.

If we look around the world we see that wherever this vicious profit-mongering system is greatly in evidence, there also we invariably find the two extremes of the degrading poverty of the Poor and the equally degrading luxury of the Rich.

If, therefore, we wish seriously to tackle and, this time, to *solve*, the housing problem, we must make up our minds once and for all that it is absolutely no use just tinkering about any more with pettifogging reforms *inside* our present system, which is built upon the private ownership of the essentials of life. Our palliative Social Reform era has obviously had its day—we have evolved through it and now stand on the threshold of an essentially Revolutionary era: revolutionary not merely in the narrow sense of material things, but revolutionary in the wider sense of *ideas* and *conceptions*. Our present system has been tried in the balance and found wanting. It is blocking the way, and so

must give place to a better system—a system that will not only be better for the Poor, but also better for the Rich.

There is, however, no new *principle* involved, for we have all already recognised the *principle* that Private Ownership must be more or less *controlled* by the Community. In fact, the Community (through its *servants* the Government) did quite a lot of "controlling" of the private owners during the war—otherwise we certainly should never have won the war. But as this "controlling" was all done by officials who were all the time "thinking in terms of capitalism" instead of in terms of the new revolutionary conception, things were not done during the war nearly so well or efficiently as they might have been. But, notwithstanding this, things were certainly done far better than would have been at all *possible* under the old uncontrolled system of Private Ownership. Fancy trying to win the war with, for instance, a privately owned and controlled Navy, supplied to the nation by some William Whiteley or Selfridges! Yet this is no more absurd than our present persistence in vainly trying to solve the national Housing Problem by an unorganised crowd of profit-mongering private capitalists. Little wonder that we have all the slums and general social chaos that we have, with our attendant colossal bill of both physical and moral ill-health—ill-health which the nation has eventually to try to palliate by means of expensive Insurance Acts, etc.

After all, the Housing Problem is not only an £ *s. d.* proposition; it is something more, something deeper than this. It is essentially a *human* proposition. Proposals, therefore, for the solving of this problem should not only be judged by the old profit-mongering test of "Will it pay?" but rather by the human test of "Will it help towards saving the present appalling wastage of human life?" In our consideration of the problem, then, we must no longer allow our vision to be limited by such sordid considerations as immediate monetary profits for a certain privileged class. Nor, indeed, should we be much concerned with the eternal wrangle concerning the conflicting interests of Rent and Wages. The time has now at long last come when the People are beginning to realise that there is really nothing supernatural about the origin of the whole institution of Rent and Wages, and, therefore, there is no reason why this

ungodly institution should, as a matter of course, be taken for granted as being part of the Divine order of things.

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It is, of course, difficult at present to say in any detail exactly what the nation's new homes will be like, but it can certainly be here said without hesitation that one inevitable result and benefit of an acceptance of a Revolutionary conception of the housing problem such as is here suggested will be a revolution in the *design*, *construction*, and *labour-saving appliances* of the new and real homes of England.

If there is one crime more than another of which our profit-mongering system has been guilty, it is the callous way in which all beauty and art in everything connected with the "Dwellings for the Working Classes" have been crushed out. But with the abolition of the Old System, the long pent-up and latent sense of the Beautiful which is in each and all of us, will have a fair chance to develop and properly express itself.

In the same way, Science, instead of being prostituted for the benefit of our profit-mongers, will have a fair chance to express itself in the homes of the people. Think of the present thraldom of the millions of inefficient little kitchens and sculleries over the lives of the millions of poor working-class (and even middle-class) housewives—those "housewives in the slums who are patient and uncomplaining heroines"—in the millions of little homes where, for instance, the eternal "washing-up" of dirty plates and dishes is still done in exactly the same primitive and inefficient manner as it has always been ever since plates and dishes were first invented, in spite of all our much vaunted scientific attainments and labour-saving devices in other spheres of life. Women's domestic work has never, until recently, been considered of much value—certainly of no profit-mongering value—and so practically no attention has ever been given to introducing labour-saving devices into our homes.

But it is useless discussing any such technical details as these until the great obstruction of Private Monopoly,—the Root Cause of the Housing Problem,—has been extirpated. This is the *first* essential step to any real and comprehensive housing reform.

The Central Hull Bye-election

By Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

On the 8th of March, while serving in a ship stationed in the Humber River, I received a totally unexpected invitation to contest Central Hull in the Liberal interest in the bye-election caused by the death of Colonel Sir Mark Sykes.

The Unionist majority at the General Election was 10,371, and the seat had returned a Conservative or Unionist for thirty years.

So from the mere point of view of winning the seat the prospects were not bright. And I had found at the General Election that earnestness and sincerity alone were not sufficient under the then circumstances to gain the suffrages of the new electorate.

The result of the West Leyton bye-election was not then known, it must be remembered.

But a survey of the political situation to date showed a vista so black and menacing that I determined to take the opportunity of being temporarily ungagged (a naval officer is supposed to have no political opinons!) in order to try and throw a little light into dark places.

We had been told during four and a-half years of bloodshed and misery that we were fighting to make an end of war as the normal means of settling industrial disputes, to make the world safe for democracy, to redeem and protect the small nations of Europe, and to make a better England.

The armistice was signed on the 11th of November, 1918. What has happened during the five months following?

A General Election has been held in which the Government has gone to the country on a platform which for sordidness, appeals to cupidity and brute passion, and lack of common honesty and truth is surely unparalleled in the political history of any country.

As a result, a House of Commons has been elected which one of the Dominion statesmen describes as the worst Constituent Assembly he has known anywhere.

The policy indicated by the Government at the General

Election, and the triumphant majority of reactionaries, profiteers, armament makers, brewers, and landlords returned by a temporarily misled electorate has had a world-wide result. Deep calls to deep across the continents. The revived prejudices of the Republican Senators in the United States against the League of Nations, the chauvinism in certain French and Italian political and journalistic circles, the reckless landgrabbing of Poles, Bohemians, and Roumanians, the desperate struggle of the Spartacus and Independent Socialist parties in Germany, the revival of militarism in Central Europe, and the labour unrest in Great Britain can all be partly traced to the General Election of 1918 and its deplorable result.

So in Paris we see long months of haggling in secret reproducing the worst evils of secret diplomacy . . . which we thought we were fighting to destroy.

The policy of governing by naked force continues in Ireland and Egypt, weakening in its turn the liberalising and moderating forces which England should be applying in Paris. How can Mr. Lloyd George support President Wilson's ideals with his eyes looking over his shoulder at such a House of Commons in London, and with our failures in Ireland and Egypt writ large for all the world to read? What case have we to put to Italy in resistance to her mad demands for the port of Fiume, certain as these demands are, if satisfied, to lead to another conflagration in Europe in the future into which our own country will surely be drawn?

A draft scheme of a League of Nations has been produced in Paris. It is a little step towards the new world order. But the League proposed is a League of Officials nominated by the various Governments who have blundered into or seized power. There is no provision whatever for a council elected by the peoples or their parliaments.

And following hard on this draft Covenant of the shadow of a League come estimates for vast armaments in England clearly foreshadowing preparations for a new great war in the future. Without giving the voluntary system of recruiting a fair trial it is proposed to retain nearly a million of soldiers, with power to increase this to over two millions, apparently without consulting Parliament, and a huge navy and air force for no one knows what mad purpose.

And finally there is the sordid policy towards our old Ally, Russia, and the iniquitous blockade, starving two-thirds of Europe into anarchy, and ruining British trade at the very time when it is necessary for our financial position to be restored before disaster and bankruptcy overtake us too.

Or, take the proceedings at home during these past few critical months. Just as our diplomatists are shown to have been utterly unprepared for peace abroad, so are our politicians at home discovered to have been unprepared for "reconstruction"—blessed word!—at home. There has been inexcusable delay in tackling the housing and land problems; a refusal to meet the perfectly just demands of labour until a catastrophic strike of the "Triple Alliance" is threatened; no apparent attempt to disband the horde of officials and bureaucrats, male and female, who have sprung up in our midst during the war; and there is no hint of any levy on the fortunes made during, and because of, the war, too often by corrupt means, while we were losing the best of our youth on the battlefields of Europe.

I accepted the invitation to contest Central Hull. I described myself as the spokesman of hundreds of thousands of the surviving fighting men like myself, inarticulate but aghast at the pass to which our great country has been brought, and at the impending ruin of all Europe.

I spoke plainly of these matters and burked no issues. Everywhere my views were received with acclamation. On polling day an unknown workman came to me, shook me by the hand, and "hoped I would win the election for the sake of humanity."

I, personally, cannot hope to accomplish much in this House of Commons. But the result of the election should be a sign to the blind leaders of the blind in London, Paris, and Rome that democracy is on the march, and the mere beating of the drums of "patriotism" by second-rate heroes in Parliament or Fleet Street will not satisfy the sovereign people.

The present Government must give the people a real peace at home and abroad or make way for a Government of the proletariat.

Let Governments Beware!

By Austin Harrison

WHATEVER kind of a peace the "Big Four," or, more correctly stated, the "Secret Three," arrive at, or think they have arrived at, this truth will remain: that until some working equation is found for the accommodation of revolutionary Russia the League of Nations will be a mere mechanism and the League itself will be a futility. Russia constitutes the major part of Europe. Russia is, in fact, the key to the New Order, and on the solution of the Russian problem will depend stability in Europe and all hope of progress.

Great lies have been systematically fostered about the whole Bolshevik movement, and so to-day we have this utterly shameful paradox, that the democracies of Europe are blockading and starving not only the nation which militarily *saved* them in 1914-1915, but using the soldiers of liberty and free government to reinstate in power the forces which would restore the old Tsarist, bureaucratic order, and who, if ever they came back into power, would victimise their peoples in pogroms and holocausts of blood. Now, I know something of Russia, having lived there for a year during the revolution of 1905. I propose to state a few leading facts which sooner or later we shall have to learn.

Now the revolution of 1905 was a bourgeois movement, as was the Cromwellian revolution. In no wise can it be called a people's rising, for the peasantry remained for the greater part listless, and it was led entirely by the so-called "intellectuals." It was suppressed. I wonder how many of us realise how? Listen. It was crushed under just when, through the constitutional action of the Duma, it was about to win through by the financial aid we and the French gave to the Tsar. Allied money stifled the freedom of Russia in 1906. We paid the Tsar to smash the liberating movement, and so the Duma became a puppet show and thousands of Russians went to their death in Siberia, were shot or removed, and thousands fled the country.

When we talk of the terrible crimes of Bolshevism, we do not consider the terrible crimes committed for two hundred years by the Tsars. We do not pause to remember that only our money saved the Tsar and his police rule in 1906. We do not understand that Bolshevism in its Russian or physical form is a quite natural reaction, the back-play of a people exasperated and driven mad by years of the most brutal tyranny, corruption, extortion, and oppression, and that the real wonder is not that Bolshevism is so terrible, but rather that it has not been infinitely more terrible. The French in 1789 were far more drastic. Indeed, so far as bloodshed is concerned, I seriously doubt whether more lives have been taken by the Bolshevists than were taken in any two years under the late Tsar's *régime*, for we must not include battles in an estimate of bloodshed. We must not forget that the Bolshevists are being attacked North, South, East, and West by other Russians supported, financed, and armed by the Allies, and that this loss of life cannot be reckoned on the Bolshevist account.

I was present at Petrograd in 1905, at the first public meeting of the University in the name of liberty. A more orderly meeting could not be imagined. Every day on my walks I saw gangs of prisoners marching through the streets—handcuffed and roped together like animals—on their way to the prisons. I have seen the Cossacks lashing the people with their whips. Every night men were seized and transported to the mines without trial. Anything more pitiful than the enforced enslavement of these long-suffering Russians in those awful years I cannot picture. Daily men were cut to ribbons in the police yards—flogging was a recognised thing. The Tsar triumphed, thanks to our financial aid, and yet they fought for us in 1914 with an enthusiasm that surprised all parties in Russia. The people thought it was a war for liberty. All Russia joined in the crusade, and we will only understand the significance of this when we realise that the army was hated in Russia, that the soldiers were despised as the instruments of persecution, that war is temperamentally alien to the Russian psychology.

And *these Russians saved Europe.*

Badly armed, corruptly led, suffering fearful privations, they died by the million and unquestionably prevented the

Germans in the two critical years of the war from using their major strength in the West. The battle of the Marne in 1914 was won because the Germans had to send such large forces against the Russians to save East Prussia

Our great blunder was made over Kerensky. Instead of understanding that Russia was on the verge of collapse and that only a full, regenerated, democratic Russia could re-enter the war effectively, we made them fight, thereby causing the inevitable *débâcle*, leading automatically to Bolshevism. Bolshevism originally meant the land for the people—communism. We answered it by negative war and the blockade. To-day, five months after the armistice, we are still fighting the Russians and blockading them. And we wonder that they are starving! We wonder why Lenin's power is growing! We wonder why the Russians regard our protestations of democracy with suspicion! We wonder that brutalities are perpetrated under the goad of famine!

Does any man know why we have left a forlorn band of men freezing in the perpetual darkness of the Murmansk regions? Can any man explain why we are keeping soldiers, who joined up in 1914 to fight the Germans, at Baku? Will any man be able to give a coherent account of the Japanese-Allied Army in Siberia? Why it is there at all, in support of Royalist Russian forces? Yet I suppose some policy motives this condition of semi-war. What is it? And how can we make peace or talk about a League of Nations while this war is on—this shameless war of capitalism?

For that is its reason, no other. We who entered the war for freedom are fighting our former Ally in the interests of money, in the interests of the old Russian expropriators of the soil and the people; we are fighting the peasants because the land has been given to them. And the root cause of it is *fear*—the fear of capitalism.

Governed now ourselves by secret propaganda and secret conclaves, we swallow the lies about the Bolshevists and their women as we swallowed the Kadaver lie. The public do not know. They are deliberately led to regard the Russians as outlaws and fiends, and almost every day some propagandist falsehood appears in our Press, which in reality only discredits us. We cannot continue this game. Either we make up our minds to conquer Bolshevism—that

is, to fight the Russians back into bondage and serfdom—or we develop a policy of reason. Now the military way would lead to ruin—absolute bankruptcy—for America would not support us. The other way demands statesmanship: applied sincerity. That is the position. And the longer a solution is delayed the greater will unrest grow throughout Europe, and the nearer we shall approach the collapse of credit, upon which our civilisation rests. You cannot fight Bolshevism in Russia with force. It is an idea. It must be met and corrected by a better idea. In plain words, the secret caucus at Paris will find its Treaty and Covenant worthless unless it faces the Russian problem honestly and solves it on the basis of self-determination with principles of political sincerity and economic opportunity.

That this can be done promptly and justly admits of no dispute among all cognisant of the Russian situation. The first thing is to raise the blockade, which will stand to our lasting discredit. The second step is to remove all the armies fighting against the Russians. The third step is to have a policy which, if the League of Nations is to possess any meaning at all, it should be quite easy to formulate so long as that policy is based on *principle* and not political or, still worse, Parliamentary opportunism (as is the case to-day), and that principle harmonises with the application of League of Nations law, supported by public sanction.

Russia cannot revert to Tsarism. She must work out her own destiny. So far, the Russian revolution has been the greatest event of Armageddon, the one certainly that will leave the most active impressions upon civilisation, and no force of man can to-day subvert it. In reality, Russia has freed Europe. She has given Europeans, that is, a new sense, which will make it henceforth impossible for kings and dynasties to organise Europe in units of militarism as a game of regal ambition. Without the Russian revolution, Europe would not have progressed, and, though Bolshevism may be an anarchic theory and self-destructive, it must be viewed historically; we must regard it as a physical reaction, as a temporary expedient, as a social purging and puking of the foundations which have for centuries held Russia in the thraldom of servitude and stagnation.

To take the opportunist or journalistic view of Russia is

to misunderstand; is to prolong the war-condition of Europe; is to make anything in the nature of a constructive peace impossible. The truth is, we simply dare not embark on a great war of destruction against the Russians, for, if we do, we shall have lost the great war, whatever Pyrrhic victories we may snatch, however deeply we penetrate into the interior of Russia. Russia will be the supreme moral test of Armageddon. Only a fool or a pigmy politician could hope to conquer Russia and hold her down, and the attempt would in a high degree of likelihood precipitate general revolution. That, of course, may be our European fate. Yet I can hardly think so. Our business is not that of European policeman. Attempt it, and we shall sign away the justification of our civilisation, thereby heralding our own doom. The treatment of Bolshevism is reason—food, justice, sympathy; dare I write the word in this mad hour—spirituality? Only so can we regain the mind of Russia, who in twenty years' time will probably be the dominant force on the Continent, the leader of thought, of art, of ideas—the pulse of the new Europe that will slowly evolve from the wreckage of the war.

The Trusts

By Raymond Radclyffe

THE four years of war which have just ended have produced a dangerous development in the industrial world. Some people wonder why Labour is so disturbed. If they realised how the capitalists have joined forces they would find a complete explanation. The Trust, which in the United States grew with such startling rapidity as almost to cause a revolution, is now growing here quite as fast, and unless, by some means or other, its power can be checked, we may have much more trouble than they had in America. The power of a Trust to lower wages and raise prices is self-evident. The workman can strike, but if all the employers in his trade have formed a solid combine, with unlimited resources, he is powerless. The rich must always beat the poor in a money battle, and a struggle for higher wages is really but a fight between a Union whose funds are limited and the Trust of to-day whose spare cash in the till is usually more than the whole combined fund of the workmen. The workman sees his danger. The consumer has not yet realised what may happen. He will not feel the pinch until the excitement of war has passed away, and he is being ground to powder between the two millstones of taxation and Trust.

Mr. Smillie, in attacking coal, showed keen insight. The colliery owner supplies one of the necessities of existence, but he has not yet combined as have so many other trades. The late Lord Rhondda did, no doubt, dream of a huge coal combine, but he died before he could perfect his plans, and though the dealers are talking of a combine to market coal, such is always at the mercy of those who own the pits. Mr. Smillie attacked a trade not yet welded together, and he won the first round in the battle between Labour and Capital. His victory was inevitable.

But there are many trades where the masters are so well organised that a strike would only mean the financial ruin of the Union. My purpose in writing this is not, however,

to urge industrial war upon the workman, but to sketch in a few words the extraordinary developments which have taken place during the past few years. The desire to combine shows no sign of dying away, for scarcely a day passes but some new arrangement of capital is not announced. The Banks are closing up their ranks, and whereas twenty-five years ago there were hundreds of Banks in Great Britain, to-day there are only dozens, and there is talk of still further combines. Some people think that this portends a huge Money Trust, whose power would be colossal. It is impossible to say. At the moment there is keen competition between the banks, and, though they act together when asked to do so by the Government, they are far from any trust or combine in the sense suggested by those who write about "The Great Money Trust."

The huge tobacco combine, which in Great Britain trades as the Imperial Tobacco Co., has subsidiary companies all over the world and works with the American Tobacco Trust. It does not seriously incommode any of us, for it can hardly be said to have raised prices exorbitantly, and though during the war it took every advantage of the help given it by our Government its prices did not rise in proportion more than did the prices of any other commodity, taking into consideration the curtailment of shipping facilities and the increased duty upon tobacco. It is not easy to say just how much capital the Tobacco Trust controls, but it must be roughly about forty-five millions. All the companies in the combine are prosperous and pay good dividends and the business is well managed. Small firms occasionally attempt to snatch a portion of the trade; some succeed, some are taken over on terms, a few still remain independent. On the whole, this powerful trust is more benevolent than one would expect.

Meat is controlled almost entirely by the great houses in the United States, and those firms who run the meat trade in Great Britain certainly have an agreement, written or otherwise, with the Chicago Trust. They have been gradually consolidating their power in this country, and unless we watch them very closely they may one day attempt to squeeze us very badly indeed. They have firmly established themselves in the Argentine and in Australia and New Zealand. They have cold storage and freezing

plants in numberless places, even as far away as the Yangtse River in China. The home combine works as various separate companies, but as yet has not come out into the open and made a trust such as exists in the United States. They squeeze the seller of cattle more severely than the buyer of meat. For this we should be thankful. As war profiteers they have greatly distinguished themselves. Now that peace has come we shall see how they will shape their policy.

Cotton thread is almost entirely in the hands of Coats, who control most of the companies who are supposed to compete, or, if they do not control them, they, at any rate, work in agreement with them, which is the same thing as far as the consumer is concerned. The business includes linen thread, and all the companies are extremely wealthy and well managed. They have not forced up prices unduly, for they have been themselves squeezed by the shortage of cotton and its consequent rise in price. But when normal times come again it will be interesting to note how their huge power is used. They supply a commodity that is used all over the world, and they control it—a dangerous position. The combine may control some thirty millions of capital. Coats' own capital is no less than ten millions, and the dividend 35 per cent.

Oil has now become as tight a trust as anything we use. The great battle which the Standard Oil waged against Shell and Royal Dutch in the East and against Mexican Eagle Oil in the West ended in a draw and a compact. It is most improbable that another such huge industrial fight for control will be seen again. These big money makers prefer to make private arrangements; they are cheaper than open warfare. The Shell and Royal Dutch has recently purchased control of the Mexican Eagle Oil wells and ships. It has interests all over the world—in the Dutch Indies, in Russia, in California, in Mexico, in Egypt, in Roumania. It pays 35 per cent. dividend and an occasional bonus in shares. How much capital it controls it is impossible to say, but clearly well over fifty millions. Thus, with its working agreement with Burma Oil, which does the Indian trade, its strategic positions all over the globe, its shrewd Jewish management, its unlimited power to obtain whatever money it needs, it really holds us in the hollow of its hand. Burning oil, crude oil for running ships, motor

spirit, lubricating oil, all alike are in the hands of this trust. Those outside, such as the Scotch shale oil companies, must do as they are told or take the consequences. How shall we stand when peace is signed and the Oil Trust has us in its grip with its control of oil wells, tankers, and storage tanks? It can exact whatever toll it chooses. I cannot see how any Government can attempt to dictate terms, for it can shift its offices to Holland or Roumania, to Egypt or the Dutch Indies; still we must buy its oil, and buy it at whatever price it chooses to fix. Its recent deal with the Mexican Eagle Oil seems to have eliminated the one competitor who was dangerous.

Soap. That remarkable genius, Lord Leverhulme, set himself to control this, and he is moving so rapidly that hardly a month passes but we do not hear of some new agreement made with a firm he wishes to govern. He began a few years ago with Port Sunlight and a capital of £1,500,000, and to-day the authorised capital is forty millions, of which seventeen millions have been issued. The soap trade is almost completely in his hands, and, in addition, he makes many kinds of chemicals, margarine, and numberless cognate articles. At the moment he is so busy buying up interests that he does not worry about huge profits. The outlook either way is not pleasant.

Matches are not a combine here as they are in the United States, where the Diamond Match Company rules the roost, but with the Government slyly stopping the import of Swedish matches and only allowing the Belgians to send us a paltry supply we may find that the price of matches, which is now 1*s.* a dozen against, say, 2*d.* pre-war price, may be kept at this fancy figure. Thus the trade may remain in the hands of the Diamond Match Company, and England may see herself paying twice as much for a box of matches as any other country in the world. Where no combine need exist the Government, in its love for the capitalist, may force one upon us.

Explosives we had hoped to have done with when the armistice was signed; nevertheless, they enter into the industrial life of the country, for we cannot mine without them, and the big companies are understood to have prepared a vast scheme for the manufacture of all such articles as are allied to, or spring out of, the explosives trade. The

Government, beaming with love on any suggestion of a trust which can hold up prices, has actually allowed the whole explosives trade to combine in one huge concern. Nobels, Kynochs, Eleys, Curtis's and Harvey, and twenty-seven other concerns have amalgamated with the blessing of a beneficent Treasury into one trust with a capital of eighteen millions. The nations will have to pay the price the trust exacts for every cartridge it fires off and every gun it uses. The trust has the Empire in the hollow of its hands.

Armaments have always been a close ring. Here the combine has been in existence secretly for many years, squeezing us on every occasion, in the making of guns, in the building of battleships, in the manufacture of armour plate. But this combine has always denied that it was a combine. Now we are told that Vickers will acquire the prosperous Metropolitan Carriage Wagons and Finance, which makes railway carriages, varnish, and many other indispensable things, including the arm of the future—The Tank. Thus, whether it be land ship, air ship, or ships that steam the sea, we shall be at the mercy of the trust, which has twenty-six and a-half millions capital and controls numberless enterprises in every part of the world. The prospect is not pleasant. Those who will run this trust are shrewd men, and they have already far too much power. The taxpayer will find that he has to pay all the time. Steel works, wagon works, motor cars, air ships, tanks, and battleships—all will be at the disposal of the organisation.

Shipping has for some years been a close ring, which, to sound more pleasant, called itself a "conference." The late Lord Furness had big ideas which he never lived to carry out, but his son and that remarkable genius, Sir F. W. Lewis, have gone on amalgamating and controlling until the Furness-Withy group is one of the most powerful, as well as the most profitable, enterprises in the shipping world. Sir Owen Philipps has also worked on the same lines, and his control is even more powerful. There are, therefore, really four or five magnates who run the ships of Great Britain. It is not a ring, but is almost a ring. It does pretty much as it likes both in freight and passenger rates, and now that German competition would appear to have collapsed the conference can do as it pleases, which, after all, is not what the public wants. Here, as in so many

other things, the Government smiles amiably and says nothing.

Cement is in the hands of two ill-managed, over-capitalised concerns who fondly hoped to control prices. But they may not be able to do it. In any case they have failed up to the present. It is a ring which might hurt the building trades if it ever got good management.

Rubber tyres seem to-day to be almost a monopoly of the great Dunlop Company, but, well as the tyres are made and cleverly as the huge concern is run by the Du Cros family, it can hardly be called a trust, and, indeed, may never become one.

Now, what is to be done with these huge and wealthy combines, which may, when things settle down, eat us up? The Americans have attempted to control trusts by splitting them up into their component parts. The result has been failure. But public opinion in the States is so strong against the trust that few of the trust managers dare charge a price which can be called extortionate. It is most necessary to rouse public opinion in Great Britain. Once the trusts see that their every deed is watched and chronicled in the Press they will hesitate to advance prices to a level which would rouse a storm of rage. Legislation is worse than useless. If a trust can hide under an Act of Parliament, it becomes a State-protected trust, which is the worst thing we can conceive. Publicity is the only safeguard.

The public must understand that these immense concerns, handling hundreds of millions, have all been of recent growth, and that they have been formed ostensibly to battle for British trade against the foreigner. This may be one of their intentions. But the main object of these new trusts is to make money by eliminating all competition, and to make this money they must put up prices. Thus these trusts are designed to increase the cost of living and keep down wages—a policy which can only end in an industrial war. The danger is great, and, I repeat, only strong public opinion can control the managers.

What is It?

By Austin Harrison

If ever there was an hour in history fraught with great consequence, assuredly May of this year will be such a turning-point. Peace is to be dictated—the basis of the League of Nations is to be established. The Covenant which is to associate the world will be hailed or derided according to interests, feeling, or degree of hatred, which latter is the controlling religion of the day, and ultimately, of course, it will be valued, appraised, seen through, sized up, and, once labelled, it will take its place, like any other scrap of paper, either as the white stone of modern evolution, or as one of the many curiosities of secret diplomacy.

A Covenant which leaves out Russia, and even while it is being printed calls out for recruits to fight the Russians; which omits all the late enemy countries—thus reducing Europe to what may be called a League of the "West-end" or, more cynically, the left bank of the Rhine; which refuses the Japanese claim for colour equality while re-affirming the Monroe Doctrine; which contains a special clause enabling a State to exclude the Council of the League from any opinion on matters which that State may choose to designate as "domestic"; which enters into life with Europe in racial, religious, and national chaos, and our own Empire threatened with movements of self-determination—thus in India, in Egypt, in Ireland—that at any time before 1914 we should have regarded as gravely serious—such a League—to mention but a few of its imperfections—can obviously merely be a mechanism resting on the apex of an Alliance differing from similar mechanisms of the past in this one yet vital respect only, in that it constitutes an attempt to attain to a synthesis in place of the old balance of power or interest.

Superficially viewed, we might say that the extremists were right in regarding the League as "visionary rot," and certainly, to judge from the official forecast of the Covenant

demurely printed in the back parts of newspapers, we have to do with patchwork or compromise due to the fear and hatred which destroyed President Wilson's "open Covenants." Secrecy killed the principle, and once the President had been driven back on his cardinal point he found himself driven to compromise on all his points: pushed finally into a secret conclave of controllers, pushed into the substitute Covenant which the newspapers, clearly at a loss for comment, print surreptitiously, according to their attachment to Mr. Lloyd George or to the *Daily Mail*, in the back parts of their pages. The cynic kisses Judas. Once more the number thirteen has justified its reputation.

But those who think that this is to be all and that the League is "rot" will very soon be disillusioned, for what we are dealing with to-day, as the result of the greatest upheaval known to humanity, cannot be conditioned by the will of any man or nation or group of nations. We stand at the death-rattle of a great system—the geographical system of military monarchisms. The great Russian, German, Austrian, and Turkish imperial systems have been overthrown; they cannot be restored. The result is a vast intermediate vacuum. The parts have fallen from the whole, the whole has lost all authority. In an absolute sense the historical meaning and continuity of Europe have been broken. States and Governments are no more, the ego of old fighting Europe has gone. Balance, prestige, credit and panache have disappeared. From the Rhine to Vladivostock, Europe has reverted to prehistoric conditions of flux and rudiment, and famine stalks the land. No longer are there States, boundaries, or even nations. Dynasties and dynasts have tumbled headlong. We may say truly that between the Old Order which is dying and the New Order, whatever it may be, that must inevitably arise out of the ruins, Europe is an aching void, the cemetery of its own anachronisms.

Patchwork, therefore, can only be the beginning of reconstruction, and compromise simply an indication. And in that aspect the League must be viewed. It may even be better so. For the modern world no longer moves on religious impulse, and, indeed, cannot in the commercial system of competition. Ideals have, consequently to be practical. The difference between the idea of boundaries

and markets is not fundamental, and we have yet to see whether markets are to be the idea of the New Order, and, if so, in what will lie our progress. No man can say. If markets are to be the criteria, then assuredly the Armageddon of boundaries will not be the last; for market values are jealous gods, and wealth and its pursuit is the enemy of co-operation. There remains idea to heal the gaping wounds, or what may be designated as correction of attitude. And that correction, which was the reason of our British intervention, will depend, not upon any mechanism of control, but upon the inherent justice of its application.

For that reason, seeing that the beginnings of reconstruction must be of determining importance, the actual peace conditions will be the crucial test of the new departure, either of partnership or of disintegration. And here the world will have to make up its mind. The problem is the nature of the new system or order. What, that is, shall take the place of rival ambitions, dynastic militarisms, the values of power? Also this : Will the new orientation be one of slow evolutionary growth, or will it leap into position as the natural and healing result of chaos? Will it be honestly revolutionary? Again, the answer will depend upon the beginnings. The peace then will be the pediment of correction and progress, or it will be an obstruction. All for the next decade must consequently depend upon whether we have a peace of principle or politics. Whether, that is, we start anew on a basis of conciliation and opportunity, or we remap Europe on motives of fear (so-called strategic) and hatred on the vertical lines of power.

These beginnings seem destined to be bad, though they may historically prove to be good. Three men sitting in secret cannot honestly hope to establish permanent conditions of security, and where, as we know, these three are not agreed on the first principles of reconstruction, have had, in fact, to compromise on all principles, the result must be a political hash leading to turmoil, chaos, and friction over most parts of the globe. And without any attempt at prophecy, we may take it that a peace of annexations and punishment will leave Europe in discord; will lead to more expeditions, more bloodshed, more starvation, more disruption, and will continue to foster disorder until gradually sanity returns and the peoples discover that their punitive

peace is really war, and that a real peace can alone save them also from the effects of the general disaster.

The truth is that the politicians who have attempted to remap Europe have not studied the economic, religious, racial, and ethnographic compositions of the map, as we can see by the astonishing spectacle of our Prime Minister talking about the famous Silesian coalfields as if they were a new mountain discovered by the astronomers on the moon. Similarly with Danzig. This German city cannot be torn from Germany and handed to Poland under League of Nations law, for, if it is so treated, the act becomes immediately an adjustment of force done in the interests of force, thereby justifying the use of force on the part of the expropriated when the hour comes for recovery, as come in the circuit of things it will.

Precisely the same with the left bank of the Rhine. The French frankly demand strategic securities. They do not believe in, or apparently desire, conciliation. They intend to consolidate the historic Franco-German feud, to use the victory which the world's forces gave them to enlarge and enrich France, entirely forgetful of the fact that those world's forces alone can enable them to maintain these annexations, and that in a very few years the conscience of democracy may refuse to be committed to a pact which instead of removing the causes of war actually perpetuates them, positively recreates the very wrong which brought about the present war, recreates it as a cosmic responsibility sealed and sanctioned in the name of justice.

The real point is this, which politicians forget. Armageddon was a world war, fought by the world, won by the world; it therefore involves world responsibility, not only moral but eventually, as we shall all find, economic. If French politicians think they can aggrandise their country out of the pool by knitting Britain to France and America to both, they will certainly live to regret the attempt, and so it will be with all military plans of creating buffer States between Russia and the German peoples for purposes of economic destruction. That sort of thing has been tried in history again and again, and always it has failed because man is not a static animal and ideas are greater than hate. Now the new idea of Europe cannot be force, cannot for long even be the groupings of force, and if the League aims

at such a concatenation it will go the way of all artificial combinations and will destroy itself.

Take a few of the new economic units. The Sarre Valley. Now who is to work the coal? The world will never sanction German slave labour.* The French may find they have to pay huge wages to the German miners, and, if so, that the mines are not profitable. Are they then to turn out the Germans? If so, this is Napoleonic annexation. How long will the democracies of the world stand for that as the price of the great war for freedom?

Take Poland. What is to be the economic unit of this new empire? Without the coal of Teshen, Poland can hardly live; but then how will the new Cheko-Slovakia flourish without coal? The truth is that both these artificial empires will require financial help, which money will have to come from our pockets. For what? How long do politicians imagine we shall consent to finance these military imperialisms, for that is their purpose? And all for fear, for a hatred which is the least permanent emotion in life! I fancy that before long Smith and Robinson will have a good deal to say to Lombard Street on these scores.

And is America really to assume a mandatory responsibility for Islamic Turkey? Is Christian Science to start the proselytising of Mahomet? And again, is there any man so dense who fails to see that our repudiation of the Japanese colour claim must reverberate throughout the whole of the coloured world, must strike at the roots of the coming Indian problem; must strike at Egypt, must creep into Africa, must resound even in the opium dens of China? And Ireland governed by Tanks! And Persia! Who is to claim that pleasant country? In the name of Mesopotamia, the League will have to assume responsibility or fail.

That is why I am hopeful: because in the end Paris will have to recognise principle, will have to begin again. The death of Old Europe will be painful, and the agony will almost of a certainty be prolonged. But the hope is this—idea. The real League will be born of idea, not of fear. It will take now a long time, if only from the policy of the blockade, which for a generation will leave a fierce hatred

* According to the *Bataille*, Germans there are being imprisoned for not performing slave work. Civilisation cannot tolerate this.

in the soul of Europe—a hatred which may never be forgotten. I am not sure whether any living man will see a reconciled "family" of nations as the result of the blockade continued five months after the armistice. If so, then the prospects are beyond all reckoning dark. Yet if we can rouse ourselves to greatness and obtain some measure of vision before it is too late, the seeds of hope may still be sown in time, before all Europe crashes into ruin. Again, we shall shortly know. The conditions of peace will decide.

Economics control, but economics cannot begin without political or international security, for the simple reason that credit is based on confidence. Thus bankers will scrutinise the League far more closely than they scrutinise the home Budget. If the sky looks red in the East, they will be uneasy, no matter how plausible the national book-keeping is made to look. If the flags turn red in the world, their nights will be still further disturbed and the general confidence will grow less. Confidence is thus the League's first business. If it restores it, the League will have established itself. If it fails to restore it, the League will have dissolved itself, and but its mechanism will remain.

Yet a world Tank will not suffice, even though it be called "Brandy and Soda." Only living thought will create. The spirit that made Armageddon must give place to a new spirit which undoubtedly sooner or later will be the democratic idea. It will come, bringing with it reason and sanity, and this is the force that ultimately will create a true League of Nations.

And then we shall begin to see a little beyond the Hymnal of Hate. The sun of summer should help. As the fruits ripen, so will our minds. We shall want peace, not chaos. We shall want to go to the seaside, not to Archangel. Instead of "sanitary cordons" here and everywhere we shall demand cheap food and a little gingerbread. Perhaps our "heroes" really will demand the land, but instead they may find that emigration is the prospect. Tanks will not provide the accommodations of peace-time, and the more Tanks we employ to enforce the League's law the more prolonged will be our paucity. The League, therefore, will have to be a living organism, or it will be found out. Before midsummer we shall all see what to expect from it, and some of us may see what to do with it.

None the less, all right-minded people will have to support what can decently be supported of the substitute League, not only because it will be the only alternative to complete chaos, but because it will constitute the scaffolding of a Covenant heralding a new order of international relations. The mechanism will not really be of much importance, nor will the new adjustments, except in so far as they breed hatred and refuse opportunity, and if that should prove to be the foundation idea of the new creations and formations, the League will merely be a hypocrisy, and the democracies will then have to work out their respective salvations as best they may until the thought of Europe has become more truly horizontal or international.

For that is the direction along which the new Europe will travel, and without any doubt the moving force will be what is called Labour. As we leave the old vertical systems, we shall encounter the other vertical systems that exist side by side, in part parasitic, in part integral of the power-State, thus the Church, capitalism, and the masonry of possession, in all its subterranean spheres and activities. That the coming era can thus be a peaceful one is in the highest degree improbable. In the place of international warfare, we seem to be entering upon a period of subnational strife, at once economic and spiritual—economic as it represents the desire of the submerged to obtain possession, spiritual as with the increasing knowledge of education it reflects the will of the lower to win to responsibility. And that this process must finally lean on and accentuate the international idea, which in the end is the ideal of the League, admits of no argument. Indeed, this movement will be the life force of the League, without which the League cannot be in the capitalist system. The idea of progress has gone forth. If Parliaments have forfeited their estates, the Soviet has become an estate. So men move upwards.

Let us then be cheerful, for if Paris turns out to be a volcano, the *Moulin Rouge* remains, and at least it will not be an extinct one. I am inclined to think on the contrary that it will shake the world in its foundations and send streams of quickening lava across the globe, bringing the mountains to Mahomed, intoxicating even the Sphinxes. At least that. Every little People will demand self-

determination, but how many will obtain it? Every nation will demand a mandatory oil-field, a coal mine, a—potential. We shall all fizz; every clan, every people, every empire, every part of every empire, all will hold out their plates to the League, like Oliver, for more, and they will not be contented until they get it. For that is the message of the League—self-expression. It is the religion of Armageddon; it will become the workhouse chant of the century. Thus America will have given to feudal Europe her own creed of opportunity, and it will be echoed by white and black alike, by the yellow man and by Islam, and old Asia will awake to the hum of the song as the mandatory aeroplanes pass through the air on missions of missile enlightenment. The feather of Yankee Doodle, that is what the League will drop upon the sleeping world of kings and religious systems, and, like Rip Van Winkle, Europe and even Asia will awake.

So May, 1919, will close an epoch and date the beginnings of a New Order. And then the struggle for principle will begin.

P.S.—As we go to press the news arrives that the Italians are quitting—over Fiume. That is the inevitable result of a League without principle, the only principle so far being the "right" to eviscerate the enemy on historical boundaries. This REVIEW long ago pointed out that chaos must result unless the nations *started out* on a Magna Charta of Rights, in which Ireland and Japan were the Allies' test points of sincerity. It will shortly be found so. People must be sincere or fight. It looks as if the German war doctrine will be justified by a League which pursues the same ends, but under different words.

Two Notable Books

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE. By J. L. GARVIN. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 12*s*. net.

THE signficance of this book is personal, for it is a human document. Hitherto, Mr. Garvin has been known as the leading Tory journalist. He led the "die-hard" struggle for privilege in the House of Lords. He championed Chamberlain's Tariff Reform movement. He was the nut-cracker of radicalism; the hot-gospeller of Carsonism.

Now we have revelation: recantation. In a touching dedication, we can perhaps trace the development of thought and attitude which has inspired this change. In a word, the man has passed beyond the opportunism of journalism; he has became a creator. Like Luther, he has done this thing because he could not do otherwise.

This is the human value of a work which thus completes what is highest in a man, and, in a notable degree, reaches the plane of constructive achievement.

Mr. Garvin has quitted school. He rises above passion. He realises that Europe cannot sink back to the old secret diplomacy, to strategic peaces and the intrigues of journalists and armament manufacturers, to the "game" of greed and grab hitherto poeticised under the term imperialism. He has dared to be himself. But, rightly, he claims that economics must be the foundation of the League of Nations, or, as he styles it in a sub-title, "world-partnership."

This is the sum and substance throughout. Indeed, the book may be described as an introduction to Anglo-American partnership, controlling the sources of wealth and communications—controlling, therefore, the world. As he says, "the two English-speaking Powers together command all the vital substances of inter-continental trade and the chief mechanism of inter-continental transport." And if this is the philosophy of the book and its arresting interest, here also is its weakness. In a book of nearly 600 pages,

the whole point of which is economic and political partnership with America as the basis of any League of Nations, Mr. Garvin only devotes two to Ireland. Now, this is a root issue, vital, determinative, cosmic. Mr. Garvin skates over it. He does not seem to recognise that Ireland is the key to Anglo-American understanding, and that unless and until we face it honestly in this country, partnership will remain a myth. Nor does he put forward the obvious remedy, which is to submit Ireland to the League; or see, indeed, that if we fail to submit Ireland to the League, the League will be a sham, still-born in the judgment of the world.

Again, there is no reference to Japan, with her fierce imperial difficulties of surplus-population—difficulties which, if the League cannot solve, must in time dissolve the League. We intend to be quite frank in this criticism, because the book is so admirable and the times are so critical that anything less than honest criticism would be unworthy both of the subject and of the writer. And here we must insist that Mr. Garvin has missed the last hurdles, perhaps because his attention has been too riveted on the structure of his ideal, and, as his thought is capital, so his mechanism is viewed as automatic. Now this is to ignore spirituality or life. He has not seen that Japan and Ireland are the two corner-stones of sincerity, without which no League approaching fullness can be born. To omit these two problems in a book of so comprehensive a kind is a fatal weakness; it is to rely too much on the strategy of argument, for neither problems are adjustable by economic control.

If the object of the League is to remove the causes of war, the League must assume responsibility; that is, it must recognise problems and find adjustments. This part of the programme Mr. Garvin has not touched upon. He has based his solution of the League on the economics of Anglo-American partnership in control of the raw materials of the world, thus able to secure world interdependence with security. But that formula is not enough. Empires must be satisfied if there is to be a real basis of stability; they grow, things and Allies change. In a word, the human element must always play a large part; economics will never rule out what is human or creative in man. Man must co-operate or fight.

The truth is that, though Mr. Garvin bases his whole argument on economics, he has not gone round the circle. His whole argument pivots on the assumption that the capitalist system will endure; he thinks capitalistically. But what if this premise proves wrong? It is a highly speculative point. It may be regarded as doubtful whether the wage system, for example, can continue under existing capitalist conditions; whether man will for long remain the wage-slave of industrial production, with its slums and hideous degradation of life and opportunity, by the mechanism of which this island has gained its great wealth while sixty per cent. of the population live in conditions of servitude. Nor does Mr. Garvin examine scientifically Henri Lambert's claim that Free Trade is the true basis of the co-operative State; on the contrary, Mr. Garvin compromises between a private competitive and a Government co-operative order, the one in control of the re-creation of wealth, the other in control of the sources of wealth. Would this work?

Such a system must imperil the foundations of the capitalist system, because if Governments sell they compete. They therefore disturb the subtle balance of capitalist mechanism, a disturbance which may well destroy the existing economic order. Clearly, Mr. Garvin has not thought deeply enough on this point. His science of economics is weak. Thus he says the Allies ought to impound the German war profits. Has he considered the question of transfer of value involved? Likewise he suggests the Allies could obtain value in machinery; in coal, potash, timber, etc. Now, if they took German coal they would compete with our coal export, which we have recently been told is the most important element in the maintenance of our exchange position; similarly with machinery. Governments cannot sell in the individualist system without risking grave economic disturbance; without causing home unemployment; without upsetting the basic law of capitalism, supply and demand. And this apart from the question of slave labour which such an imposition would necessitate. Here Mr. Garvin has omitted much.

The reason probably is that he sees the League as the "carry on" of a capitalist partnership, one of whose duties it would be to provide "safeguards against labour unrest."

There we have the cloven hoof of the argument. The real internationalism of organised labour does not enter into his calculations; he builds on the structure of capitalism, hence his central demand for control of the raw materials of the world, in fact controlled by Anglo-American civilisation. Such a capitalist combine could never endure unless fully international, guaranteeing all free access to all raw materials; but how this guarantee of supply could be regularised or be anything but nominal under a system of tariffs such as Mr. Garvin clearly admits seems very far from clear.

Henri Lambert has dealt with this aspect of the problem; his remedy is Free Trade. In such conditions, a world control could at least start soundly under a system of fixed international prices. Under a tariff system, the control would obviously be political, seeing that there would be no mechanism for fixing prices. America, for instance, does not want raw materials. The danger of friction between peoples competing and Governments in control of raw materials competing would be inevitable; the whole capitalist system would be disturbed. But this matter is not even examined. Nor is the far more likely mechanism of "naming" prices, which for the period of transition, at any rate, would seem almost imperative. Mr. Garvin's solution is subjective. He apparently sees no danger to the capitalist system, and no need of modifying it; he ignores the "internationale" of Labour, and the demands of Labour to obtain joint control. He assumes that Bolshevism, which he rather too lightly accepts at its surface or propagandist estimate, will automatically be crushed out; he sees world-partnership as an interdependent federation, controlled by the mechanism of capital—thus involving the continuation of the capitalist wage-system—governed by the inner and controlling partnership of Britain and America, or sea-power. This solution, however, Mr. Garvin recognises will depend upon the terms of peace, the ability of the League to deal with Bolshevism or Russia, and the just application of world-economic partnership. Yet Mr. Garvin would forcibly detach Austria from Germany, though how he hopes to reconcile this Metternichean severance with League of Nations spirit he does not say. Likewise he rules out Germany from Africa. There is still much fear of Germany in his mind, and so, rather comically, he is afraid

of German "free buying" unless we control raw materials. Pray, with what value would bankrupt Germany buy? Has Mr. Garvin ever considered that question?

This is the weakness of the book. The economics are subjective or political, and the conclusion does not follow from the arguments; the arguments are pointed to demonstrate the desired conclusion. What Mr. Garvin recognises is that partnership in some form between England and America is the only way out, and that leads him to construct it as the only way in—to the League of world-partnership. There no doubt he is right, and let us hope Mr. Bottomley will read him. But in 600 pages of economics Mr. Garvin has certainly made a mistake in ignoring the conscience of organised international Labour, and in omitting all consideration of the economic mechanism of the co-operative or New Order which he foreshadows. Yet this latter is vitally important. Governments which controlled the raw materials of the world, which thus conditioned supply and demand would have to name or fix prices—say coal, for example. Now, that would imply general nationalisation as the basis of your economic internationalism, and that must lead to nationalisation of the land, and so, perhaps, *ad infinitum*—which would be socialism; which again implies the advent to power of Labour, who might repudiate or modify the capitalist system. All these fascinating problems ought to have been examined, for the idea of capitalist world-partnership depends upon its mechanism and the sanction behind it, and these "details" are disregarded. Yet we are surely entering upon the era of struggle between the co-operative and competitive systems; that is, the struggle between Labour and Capital. And this very struggle may yet throttle the League at its birth—nay, very probably will unless it turns out to be far more constructive and democratic than at this hour would seem likely.

This criticism is, we hope, constructive, for it is necessary. No one man has the full truth. Mr. Garvin has given of his truth, that is the point, and we advise all men interested in this great world-problem to read his book. For only so shall we progress. An astonishing array of facts, drawn largely from the international mechanism of the Entente Alliance, makes the book particularly interesting, for to many they must be new and almost magically instruc-

tive. Here the author is at his best. Without a doubt, Mr. Garvin has contributed bravely, inspiringly, to the understanding of the world's problem; indeed, the book is an indispensable guide to all working for or against the League of Nations, which we cannot too enthusiastically recommend. On the ground of world-partnership, we cry "Shake!"

TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

IF this study is complementary to any economic work on the League of Nations or the New Order—which it certainly is—it may be described as the human partnership omitted in Mr. Garvin's economic foundations, in that Miss Willcocks dares to view life philosophically or synthetically, and so sees the only real hope in attitude, in spirituality. She claims that the vertical cleavage of society is doomed, and that henceforth mankind will, for a long period, at any rate, move horizontally. And the moving spirit of this horizontal progress, she postulates, is Labour; the class-conscious internationalism of organised Labour, the challenge of which was proclaimed to the world by the Russians with their war of the classes, which historically is nothing less than a new religion.

Economically—and this is the interest of the book in contradistinction to the capitalist or vertically federated view of Mr. Garvin—she writes: "This war is the measure of middle-class incompetence; it is the condemnation of capitalism, as the wars with revolutionary France were the condemnation of landlordism." Here, without a doubt, is a profound truth. That the war has become essentially capitalistic few would deny, otherwise why this shriek for indemnities? Thus Miss Willcocks discerns the passing of an age. And what is left is the problem of the mass man. What is to happen? Is he to go back to his industrial chains, his servile state, or is he to emerge; and, if the latter, into what? That is the problem of Europe to-day.

The writer knows no panacea. The upward movement must be long, yet capitalism, with its wage-slavery, is doomed. It was not the worker who measured the greatness of a nation by its territories, by how much tropical wealth

"poured in and how much manufactured wealth poured out." The imperialism of the bourgeoisie was this valuation; is still. It has revealed itself in the great war to be barren of all desire save that of possession. But to-day the cry is, "Cards on the table!" and so the peoples demand the publication of the secret treaties, and, as a beginning, Russia proclaims the new law of "no annexations."

World federation, then, "if it is to remain a purely administrative reorganisation in the political sphere, will almost certainly fail." Miss Willcocks is positive. No form or formula will alter mankind; the world will need first to be lifted out of the rut of racial conflict into another, a serener, clime, and the "men who guide its destinies will have to value self-determination, or *spiritual control*, according to the inner law of a man's, a nation's, life as the supreme arbiter." In the new groupings of the co-operative order, which must now sooner or later take the place of the capitalist or wage system, the writer sees the socialisation of production as the economic instrument side by side with political federation. The concept of empire will become foreign. Only through international socialisation can the true League of Nations be born, which will command allegiance because founded on spiritual or liberating forces, not on economic. And the watchword will be self-determination. That is the key, and alone with that key shall we unlock the mystery of harmony leading to the real Federation of the world.

The "pig-iron," or German, epoch of imperial valuation is passing, and with it the age of property. We are entering upon the civilisation of woman's influence. Man philosophy has defeated itself in war, and no League of Nations can be founded on any standard of servility. The war has broken down Europe's conventions, her shibboleths, her great male or militarist "Hush." The tyranny of ignorance will give place to the dynamics of free ideas, individual and national. The cry will be, "Let live!" Our savage distrust of names will go, and we shall learn to welcome ideas, originality, new thought. And this freedom will be the basis of the League, when it stands, that is, to free every country from the will to grasp and hold what no longer consents to be grasped and held.

As a potent factor in this evolutionary process, the writer welcomes the power of art, and particularly of music, which she rightly hails as the "great art of the future," for it, above all, expresses the group sense. Music quite particularly leads to that "total consciousness" which is the living philosophy of the true League of Nations. In the "democracy" of music, as Bergson finely wrote, man will learn to group the economic, the political, the spiritual changes that can alone give us the New Order, and we shall gradually move to the third great epoch, the emancipation of the workers, who can only fail if they imitate the bourgeoisie, who in turn imitated the aristocracy, and so, through materialism, lose their own freeing spirituality.

This is a remarkable book. The author shows an astonishing discernment and a regard for truth very rare in these commercial days. Her knowledge is wide. She can write of the arts, she can portray the Russian revolutionary movement without bias, she has the rare gift of vision. And yet entirely balanced. She entertains no illusions about a millennium, and it is clear she does not expect either a new world or a new order from the deliberations of the politicians at Paris.

An immense knowledge is stored in this comparatively small book, and much constructive thought. Always the writer is suggestive, subtle, and curiously virile in her judgments; indeed, it is difficult at times to believe that this can be the work of a woman. And yet it is unmistakably the work of a woman, which is one of the fascinations of the book. The writer is without cant. She is not afraid to see humanity as it is, and to portray it. In this respect she has something of the quality of Strindberg. Take this acid passage on baby welfare: "Bishops join the propaganda movement and chemists cheat the public—under Government orders—by providing preventives, which must be packed, in each case, with a certain proportion of ineffective shams." No man, perhaps, would have written that. But this is the dawn of woman's age, and so it is we find this virile, intellectual honesty from a feminine pen. There is not a trace of journalism anywhere. Hence it is in the freed woman that Miss Willcocks sees the organising influence that will help to liberate society from the trammels of convention and label, and it is in Russia that she descries

the light of the new religion of fraternity. Without Russia there can be no League of Nations. The question is, will Russia, with her religious and Eastern genius blend with the political genius of the West, or remain apart? Which will compromise most? Will the West submerge the other, or will the East prove the guiding inspiration? Here the author is on a great truth, which the politicians of Europe have not yet begun to understand. The problem of Europe will be fought out on the Russian revolution, and there can only be a mere League of Nations mechanism until a solution has been found. Its issue is capitalism. The likelihood is that Russia will keep apart in her religious fire, and, as there is no longer any great religious force in Europe—Christianity having ceased to be a religion when it allied itself with the State—the question will become the struggle of spiritual freedom *versus* materialism.

Thus ends a book of beauty, of truth, of living spiritual creation. It is dedicated to "all my friends, some in prison, some in the army, and some in the Labour movement, who have made it impossible for me to despair of the future." Every man working on the League of Nations in Paris should be compelled to read it. It is a sign of the times. Here we have the new woman—thinker and creator. This surely is the voice of the New Order, of the European. So, through art, we shall slowly yet surely progress; not by the control of force or of economics, but by that freedom which federates control through the knowledge of "how to appeal to it."

Other Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Irish Stories.

A Garden by the Sea. By Forrest Reid. The Talbot Press, Ltd.

A Munster Twilight. By Daniel Corkery. The Talbot Press, Ltd.

These two books of short sketches, both part of the always admirable output of the Talbot Press, have an added interest from juxtaposition. Geographically, one might take them as representing the North and the South of literary Ireland, since Mr. Forrest Reid

is an Ulster man—by birth if not by politics—while Mr. Corkery gives us the elemental atmosphere of Cork. The work of the former writer needs no introduction to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW; indeed, two of the sketches in his collection originally appeared in these pages. All of them show a very delicate and sensitive art, and in particular a sympathy for the thoughts of childhood—more especially of those lonely and introspective children for whom imagination becomes at once a solace and a terror. The world of this Garden is the world remembered as it would be seen by such a child.

Mr. Corkery is at once more robust and more mystical. His peasant studies have only the perpetual childhood of the soil. They are amazingly well suggested, with, in the sketches of town life especially, a deliberate impartiality and avoidance of theatrical appeal that is very impressive. In the legendary countryside tales he shows himself a master of supernatural horror. "The Ploughing of Leacana-naomh" is among the most haunting things of this kind that one recalls for a great while. This, by the way, is the subject of the most striking of four coloured pictures by Alfred Willmore that illustrate the volume. In all, the artist has clearly been in close sympathy with the theme; his vigorous colour-sense, and a fine (perhaps rather youthful) contempt for academic arrangement, give his work a quality that greatly helps the effect of a fascinating book.

FICTION.

THE SEEKERS. By HUGH F. SPENDER. Collins. 6*s*. net.

ONE of what will probably be a large number of stories called forth by the renewal of interest in spiritualism. John Havering is shown as a "case," illustrating the evil results of too frequent spook-hunting, wholly under the dominion of a fraudulent medium, Rudge (a name sorely suggesting some lack of originality), and finally driven to homicide. We have also what the publishers call "a political interest" in the career of Ernest Beaufort, leader of the People's Party, who is arrested on suspicion of the murder, and with a fine sense of melodrama risks the gallows on a scruple grotesquely inadequate. The tale is briskly told, and crowded with incident, but I fear not all the elegance of print and good paper can disguise the fact that in more economical times it would have ranked as a "Shilling Shocker."

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered, and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Pelmanism

An Appraisement

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. M. ROBERTSON.

One of the conditions of modern life over which it is idle to complain is that every creed, cure, doctrine or system, affirmative or negative, which seeks to be generally known must advertise in the modern way. And as the less worthy causes use the instrument freely, the better have to bear the burden of the distrust that attaches to the worse.

Thus there is a common attitude of distaste or impatience towards a thing so advertised as Pelmanism; an attitude shared by many who cannot be unconscious of some of the infirmities which it promises to mend. Those who inquire belong to the two psychic classes of the moderately trustful, who, happily, from time to time find their reward in ordinary life, and those critical people who are critical enough to remember that censure upon mere suspicion is in itself a breach of the moral laws. From many of both classes there have come testimonials enough to Pelmanism to remove distrust; but it is one of the sinister aspects of life that even testimonials are apt to be looked at askance.

We find ourselves in that period losing precision of hold on some facts, experiences, quotations, even doctrines, theories, scientific laws; this though we set out with memories perhaps above the average. Many of us can endorse on the negative side the avowal of Ben Jonson, who up to forty could repeat "all that he had made," but after forty found the faculty "much decayed in him." And the question is, whether most of us ought not to subscribe the Jonson's confession that the faculty is "shaken with age *and sloth,* which weakens the strongest abilities."

That is to say, is there not a gymnastic for memory which we might practise as we do bodily exercises, to our great gain? If anyone doubts the equivalent importance of the two aims, let him but reflect that memory is, so to speak, the very spinal marrow, not

only of intellect but of character. Of the intellectual importance of good memory it is unnecessary to speak. From the business man who forgets an order or an engagement to the theorist or inventor who overlooks a factor, or the politician who, at the vital moment, forgets the decisive *tu quoque* or the clinching precedent, who is there who does not once a day realise that his memory is frail or that it is not what it once was? What many are not so ready to realise is that all the mental processes are concerned in the deficiency, memory being central and vital to all.

It is because we believe in the possibility of improving by a calculated gymnastic the mental functioning of most human beings, ourselves included, that some of us view with great satisfaction the spread of interest in Pelmanism which took place during the war, and appears to be extending in the state of peace.

A study of the system has convinced me that it really can effect some such maximisation of mental strength as is admittedly obtainable through good exercises in the bodily life. "It is a method for using your left hand, isn't it?" a friend asked me. It really is a great deal more than that; though there has latterly been added to the Course a series of calculated physical exercises; and I have seen a most remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the joint regimen in restoring lost temperamental balance. But the mental training remains the outstanding part, as it is the ruling purpose and aim of the whole; and a study of that makes quite intelligible the many testimonies to its results.

First and foremost, it is not a system of mere mnemonics, though it necessarily recognises the usefulness of a number of the mnemonic devices which students have practised for centuries. Its great value lies in its method of turning memory-training into mind-training. A student who merely acquires mnemonic devices is only enabled to recall readily certain more or less arbitrary lists of words, names, dates, classes, formulas, and so on; resting there, he is in the position of a man who has the use of certain labour-saving tools; but unless the gain is made to serve his mental life on the plane of constructive thinking, his efficiency is not otherwise increased. Now, the special value of Pelmanism consists in its evolution from a system of memory-training into a gymnastic for mind and character. In other words, it has made and turned to new account the discovery that memory is really the stuff or matrix of mind; that it consists not merely in recalling at will certain items of knowledge but in the alert grasp of past experience of all kinds.

I am not at all surprised, therefore, to learn that Pelmanism is declared by many men who have fought in the war, to have made them more efficient at their tasks; that it has made officers more capable of quick and right decision, sentries and look-out men better watchers; fighters more intelligent and actually more brave. For

"presence of mind," confessedly the most valuable possession in danger, consists just in being mentally all-alive; and the man so describable is he who both observes vividly and recalls and connects with certitude all the relevant things. And Pelmanism, positing the habit of alert observation as the first requisite in cultivating memory, sets up by its mental gymnastic an increased faculty of retention—that spontaneous functioning of memory which is the condition of intellectual efficiency.

This power of helping not only the average man, but men above and men below the average, I find to be the outcome of long experience on the part of those who have framed and developed the system. It has grown up through many years, always under revision; and a comparison of the text-books of 1914 with those of 1918 reveals much adaptation even in those four years. Some points appear to be stressed more; some less; but the whole apparatus is enriched and enlarged. And the skilled teachers who apply it, being faced by an endless variety of mental cases, have had to be more than simple communicators of knowledge. One of the outstanding values of the system is its continuous elicitation of the special difficulties, defects, peculiarities, or requirements of the individual student—a thing not contemplated at all in academic education, generally speaking.

From the mass of knowledge acquired through the question sheets, the teachers of the Pelman Institute are always learning anew that a great deal of mere tuition can miss its mark because students are defective or slow at various points in their mental machinery. Many, it is interesting to note, are found to be partly lame by diffidence—a fact that does not exactly lie on the surface of a world which resounds with the loud and confident asseveration of an infinity of conflicting opinions. For those who at the outset lack faith in themselves the system has an almost maternal encouragingness. For those who suffer from the contrary defect of over-confidence in their intellectual efficiency, its value lies not in mere precept or warning, but in the quiet guidance given on many paths of study, the incidental indications of the diversity of opinion upon a great many problems of mental science; and the constant direction of thought to the elements of belief common to, or results attainable by, various lines of theory.

Of necessity, it stands for no "school" of opinion. Emphatically it turns away from the old ideal of education as a simple administering of doses of knowledge, and plumps for the modern ideal of fitting minds to acquire and to use knowledge. And this, of course, means that the student has to work his mind as the gymnast works his muscles. This is not a set of "tips for efficiency" that will operate like tabloids or the magic wishing-cap: it is a course of mental training in the sense of mental exercise. But neither is it a recondite

nor forbidding discipline above the heads of the many. It is simply a progressive method by which all men of ordinary education and ordinary capacity who are content to take trouble for a good end can profit mentally to an indefinite extent. And the testimonials come alike from men of the professional classes and men of business, men and women of the profession, men and women students, men of letters, soldiers and sailors.

A training that thus confers increased efficiency on so many people so diversely engaged is evidently laid out on scientific lines, and practically handled. There are memory exercises in common for all, and there are special counsels for those who labour under particular difficulties—as mind-wandering, defect of attention and observation, lack of confidence, lack of concentration, and so on.

Difficult cases receive separate and skilled attention, with markedly good results. The gain that may thus accrue to a multitude of minds can hardly be exaggerated. All through my life I have been struck by the commonness of imperfect attention and observation in all sorts of circumstances, and have of course myself suffered from it to some extent. In youth especially I was impressed by the number of instances in which spoken words were inaccurately reported and even ascribed to the wrong persons, to say nothing of the common laxity of literary quotations. All of these laxities are so general that many people can testify how rare is the experience of finding any episode or transaction of which one happens to have exact knowledge correctly reported in a newspaper account of it. In descriptive accounts by gallery-men in the House of Commons—cases in which the common difficulty of hearing what is said does not enter—I have again and again noted surprising errors made in all good faith.

The Pelman Institute might perhaps usefully add to its psychological instructions for accurate observation a moral admonition as to the evil that is often "wrought by want of thought" in such matters. But apart from moral considerations the harm done by the prevalence of inattention and consequent inaccuracy must be great. The fact is notorious—witness the once common experiment at dinner parties, in which one person at one end of the table whispers from a written copy a short narrative or statement to his neighbour, who similarly passes it on. When it comes round, and is announced and compared with the original, the difference is almost invariably considerable and sometimes startling. Yet in this case everyone is supposed to be paying attention to what is whispered to him.

The first condition of accurate memory, then, is alert attention, and for this Pelmanism has some well-tried tests, which should induce every scrupulous student to apply others for himself. Without improvement at this point, all other gains may be fallacious. On the other hand, it is wisely pointed out that

not everything one reads need be carefully noted for remembrance. The gymnastic for the cultivation of that function turns mainly on the best of all memory-aiding methods, the "catenation" of clue-words by connections of meaning, class relation, opposition, contiguity, sound, &c., and the enlarging of that resource by a code of numerals standing for consonantal sounds. It is in the element of reflection involved in all such commitments to memory that there may be said to lie the root of the mental gain which accrues to the habitual use of the Pelman methods, given proper care and patience.

But the Pelman system, while offering examples of verbal aids to memory in the case of geometry, points out that such methods are there but helps to those who are specially lacking in mathematical faculty, and that the best catenation for memory in geometrical matters is the comprehension of the reasoning process which establishes the proposition. On the other hand, there is much evidence that the exercise of the memory by the technical methods of Pelmanism for the purposes of sciences and the useful arts—as in astronomy, medicine, pharmaceutics, anatomy, &c., and again in mathematics and in law—is to enlarge the area of spontaneous or secured memory, the retentive faculty becoming stronger, step by step, for all its needs. The analogy of muscle seems always to be broadly valid.

What I have personally experienced from a few weeks' steady attention to the gymnastic is an increased elasticity, so to speak, of the whole machinery of memory. It generates *habits* of attention and recollection which secure a stoppage of much of the waste that seems to occur to all of us. We are all apt to yield too much to the plausible pessimism of the view that as we continually multiply our items of experience and information with our years, we must of necessity lose more and more.

What Pelmanism seems to me to prove is that the relative loss of recollection from an aging memory, fair or good to begin with, is to an indefinite extent amenable to the same remedies as are found to improve the memories avowed to have been bad to begin with. The attention and retention which in youth are so easy for the "good" memory simply need to be cultivated in later life when the ever-accumulating multitude of impressions tends to generate slackness of attention and neglect of retrospect. The mind, in short, can, like the body, be "kept young" to an indefinite extent, up to the point of decisive physical decay. And Pelmanism, which attends to both sides of the business of right living, is doing special service to the nation in enabling whoever will to lengthen his efficient life on the mental side.

Put briefly, the case for Pelmanism stands thus: A multitude of youths go through our common schools and so-called Public

Schools without acquiring good use of what faculties they congenitally have. The kindergarten training which develops the attention and the observing faculties of the very young is not applied as it might be on higher planes for the later stage of training.

The result is that the habit of observation, and *by consequence* the habit of reflection, are imperfectly developed in a great many people, probably in the great majority. Those who come to the front are the specially gifted in the faculties of attention, application, concentration, and critical reflection. The others not only do nothing to add to the general stock of ideas: they tend to lose in greater or less part much of the information that has been put in their way, their undeveloped power of memory failing to retain much, if not most, of what did not specially interest them.

For this large section of the population, Pelmanism has remedial guidance and discipline, the value of which is proved by thousands of testimonials from all manner of men and women. This service it has become able to do because it is unhampered by the official controls and codifications which, almost inevitably, restrict experiment in schools, and because it has to justify itself by results as no academic institution is compelled to do. Its staff have set themselves to profit by the results of pyschological enquiry in regard to the working of the adult mind, as Froebel framed his system with an eye to what he saw to be the needs of the infant mind. And they go on learning. Constantly they are checking their methods by their results—by the ever-varying needs and difficulties of individual students who are always sending in their question sheets. Only by doing what is promised can the system maintain and extend itself. By this time, no one can have much difficulty in checking its claims, and the ever-extending vogue is the result of the spontaneous testimony.

One day, at the front, a group of soldiers started arguing about Pelmanism. Some, conscious of superiority to the snares of advertisement, declared that there was nothing in it—nay, worse than nothing, quackery. Some, who had actually tried it, insisted that it had helped them. It was agreed to put the matter to a simple test. A passage from a fresh newspaper was read aloud, and all the disputants set themselves to note down as many words of the passage as they could remember. Without exception, the Pelmanists won; and two of the outsiders, recognising that there must be "something in it," presented themselves on the first opportunity at the Pelman Institute to enter for the Course. They typify hosts.

One of the most notable testimonials to the system that I have seen is the confession of one student that it opened his eyes to the charm of descriptive poetry—a special exercise having revealed to him what a multiplicity of images a poem could convey. Given such

an awakening, one can see how further æsthetic receptivity could come into play, the ministry of rhythm coming into action when diction had begun to be duly appreciated. And the habit of observation, brought to bear on pictures on the analytic lines laid down by Pelmanism in that connection, is similarly likely to develop the colour sense, which, as many can testify, grows by using.

What can thus be done for immature and imperfectly trained intelligences can, further, be done in due degree for minds tending to grow "stale," as the athletes say—minds which have prematurely consented to be old, forgoing vigorous memory as men forgo athletic exercise with advancing years. As calculated exercise, however, can long keep the muscles relatively supple and the health relatively good, so a deliberate gymnastic, in which the elderly man is under no apparent disability through his age, can restore efficiency of memory to an indefinite degree. That attained, mental recuperation in general ensues; the elderly man is kept "fit" in mind, with the advantage of his experience in his favour.

Si la jeunesse savait;
Si la veillesse pouvait,

says the sad French refrain. For Pelmanism it can be claimed that it goes as far as science can, yet plans to meet both aspirations. To youth it lends guidance; to age which is not positively decrepit it restores intellectual force by positing the proper treatment.

So it is really not unwarrantable to claim, as has been claimed, that Pelmanism is a new kind of university. Pelmanism earns the title in virtue of the universal utility of its discipline as well as of its "open door"—the Post Office—to students in every part of the world.

Among the testimonies to Pelmanism are some of that nature—grateful avowals of the gain that has come of following a counsel to take up a new study late in life by way of mental tonic. But only a few of the elderly will seek mental counsel—assiduous as they may be in consulting the doctor about physical ailments. Yet, it is interesting to know, the doctors from time to time send patients to the Pelman Institute (which is careful never to usurp *their* functions), frequently with results such as that above mentioned. The trouble is that most of those who need mind-exercise are not conscious of their need; though an elderly man who is conscious of not having "got on" as he ought to have done will sometimes seek special counsel—and get it and profit by it.

Hence the special importance of getting hold of the young, to whom Pelmanism primarily offers itself as a means of self-improvement and thereby of advancement; and who in seeking advancement by this means are building better than they know. For Pelmanism, in so far as I have been able to trace its history, works more and

more up to an ideal in which culture is seen to be as important as economic success, and character to be a vital element in both, and the alert use of the mental faculties to be the means of the achievement of all alike.

Therefore I look to the Institution with great hopefulness for the preparation of a posterity wiser than our own age.

A predominantly industrial nation, we are facing colossal new problems of fiscal and industrial policy and finance with no larger measure of economic enlightenment than availed with difficulty for the collective handling of those of the past. The amount of sheer nescience, sheer incompetence for economic thought, that was revealed in much of the election talk about indemnities, was truly portentous. One asked oneself, How can such minds pass any sound political judgment of any kind? How is the ship of State to be handled in such weather with such a crew, whoever may be on the bridge, or at the helm?

Pelmanism necessarily takes no side in politics or political disputes; but I avow without hesitation that I would far more confidently leave any political problems to the handling of a Pelmanised community than to that of one still for the most part lacking that discipline. And as the community seems to be becoming Pelmanised at a fairly rapid rate, the outlook is thus on the whole hopeful. The spreading system is, in fact, the most directly hopeful phenomenon in our national intellectual life, since the schemed reforms in State Education have still to be realised, and what passes for "education" is still a mere preliminary to what education ought to be—the evocation of mental faculty in the adolescent and the adult.

Meanwhile it is to be noted that its teaching staff are, for the most part, men with university degrees—the examiners, I believe, are so without exception. This testifies to a due recognition of the value of university training; and ought to reassure apprehensive persons who dread novelty as such.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course, at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free, by any reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW, *who applies to the Pelman Institute,* 181, *Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.* 1.

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It is earnestly requested that entries be made as soon as possible, so as to give ample time for judging, although the latest date for the acceptance of entrants' essays is May 31st, 1919. Two well-known men will act in conjunction with the editor as judges of the contest. Their names will be announced later. This contest should be extremely helpful because of the inspirational quality of the examples provided. The good employers should be known so that their words and their actions may be emulated. There is no entrance fee; and it is hoped that many will compete, so that the world may know that Great Britain can show a fine proportion of really considerate human beings at the head of commercial affairs.

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